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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1894. NUMBER 9.

Poetry.

AN ANGLOMANIAC.

My lady fair went over the sea,
And when she came back to her own countree,
She scorned the land of the brave and free,
And sighed for an aristocracee.

She said that we had no leisure class,
That our company manners were green as grass,
Our society only a vulgar mass,
Which had certainly come to a shocking pass.

On our uncouth speech she laid great stress,
And her horror she couldn't at all express
When she heard us repeatedly say "I guess,"
And constantly call a gown a "dress."

Our civilization was sadly new,
And our men of culture decidedly few,
And almost completely lost to view
Because of the work they needs must do.

It was wretched form to be all in trade,
And put us down on a lower grade
Where true nobility wouldn't have stayed,
Unless it had been handsomely paid.

She shuddered to see a coronet
On low democratic locks of jet,
Which might have been most fittingly set
On the brow of some duchess (deep in debt).

Hunting was out of the question here,
And we hadn't a park to contain our deer,
Nor could we boast of a single peer,
And our season was quite the wrong time of year.

I learned with regret from her wise discourse,
That the Pilgrim Fathers were low and coarse,
And only prevailed by unmannerly force,
When they came over here as a last resource.

And ther left to succeed them, a rude, wild race,
Devoid of gentility, ease, and grace,
Whose only goal is a metal base,
Which they madly pursue at a reckless pace.

O maiden fair, from these vandals flee,
'Tis surely the only remedy;
And get you again across the sea,
For we need you not in your own countree.
—Caroline Ticknor in the New England Magazine.

A HOME SONG.

When winds blow high and frost is white,
And roads are steel, and trees are ice,
And window panes wear tracings light,
And all the world bears cold's device;
Night falls and careful mothers pray
In sweet content, though storm-wind whirls,
"Beneath one roof till break of day
Sleep safe the careless boys and girls!"

All safe and under one roof-tree,
All safe because the mother-heart
Is near them; soft and tenderly
It broods until the clouds depart;
The time will come when birds must go
From out the parent nest away,
When lonely, though no wild winds blow,
The mother-heart will sadly stay.

Ah, mother-heart, ah, mother-heart,
How lonely pass the hours that pass,
When sleet and hail from heaven dart,
Or when there's sunshine on the grass;
How often you wish back the night
When the storm's fury seemed to fail;
How often strive to stay time's flight,
And that drear winter backward call.

What matters storm? Ah, welcome rain
And the weird shrieking of the wind
Rather than sunshine and the pain
Of loss that saddens heart and mind;
The dumb cry for the wandering!
Come war without, if peace within;
If love beneath the roof-tree sing
What evil thing can enter in?
—Maurice Francis Egan in Catholic Family Annual.

A DAY TOO LATE.

She loved the laddie dearly,
And he loved none but her,
Yet she would flirt and off pretend
To other swains prefer;
Whene'er he came a-pleading
That she would name the day,
She did not to his words attend,
But smiled and turned away.

This state of things continued
Till months ran into years,
Yet still she held him in suspense
Betwixt his hopes and fears!
No answer would she give him,
How'e'er he might implore,
But urged some frivolous pretense
And flirted more and more!

He patience lost and courted
And won a kinder maid!
With tears the captious lassie came
And for forgiveness pleaded!
"Yes! I forgive," he answered,
"But could no longer wait.
You only have yourself to blame,
You're just a day too late!"
—Chambers's Journal.

Miscellany.

ALUMINUM PRINTING.

Successful Application of the Use of the New Metal.

It has been found that on account of its porosity and its peculiar quality of absorbing and retaining transferred impressions, which it possesses in as marked a degree as the lithographic stone, that it is especially adapted for the same kind of work.

Its advantage over the stone, however, and that which renders it so much more desirable, is its great lightness; for while a printing sheet of aluminum having a surface of thirty by forty inches, and the fortieth of an inch in thickness weighs only three pounds, a stone of the same dimensions weighs at least four hundred pounds.

As the metal is now selling in rolled sheets at a dollar a pound, and a stone of good quality and of the weight stated is worth one hundred dollars, the difference in price of the two is ninety-seven dollars. In consequence of the increasing demands of the lithographic trade, the supply of the best quality of stone is rapidly becoming exhausted, while aluminum, which is obtained from clay, and which is on that account the most abundant metal on the earth, is practically inexhaustible.

As an illustration of the contrast presented by the two materials it may be stated that one ton of aluminum sheets will do the work now performed by the two hundred tons of stone stored in one of the largest lithographic establishments in New York city. It may be further stated that while the capital invested in this large supply of lithographic stone is about $500,000, the price of the one ton of aluminum sheets which would be required for the same work would be about $2,000, exclusive of the cost of preparing the metal and the necessary printing blocks which would not exceed two thousand more.

Regarding the quality of the work, the specimens of printing done on the aluminum sheets is such that they can be employed in the finer kind of bond printing and commercial as well as color work. There is one particular in which the metal is decidedly superior to the stone, in its flexibility, which renders it especially available for cylinder printing, by which a two-fold, or three-fold speed may be obtained in the printing process.

Experiments of the costly nature have been conducted during the past two years, looking to the perfection of the application of the metal to the purpose of this kind of printing by Mr. L. E. Bullock and Mr. John Mullaly, both of New York city. They have secured patent rights which amply cover their processes, and they expect soon to be in the market with a large plant capable of meeting all demands.

A Mist and a Mishe.

She blushed in sweet confusion.

"And what, papa," she faltered, shyly, "did you think of Lord Eustace?"

The old man contemplated her bowed head for a moment in silence.

"My child," he answered, slowly, after a time, "it seems to me that his mind is decidedly foggy."

"Papa!"

She was kneeling at his feet.

"Forgive me, my pet"——

The father had risen to his feet in alarm, "—if I have spoken hastily."

"Papa, I am sure you are right. I had the same impression, but I feared I might be mistaken. And isn't it"——

She raised her streaming eyes to his.

"—too lovely for anything. Fogs are so awfully English, you know."

In her rapture she insisted that she did not envy a soul on earth.—Truth.

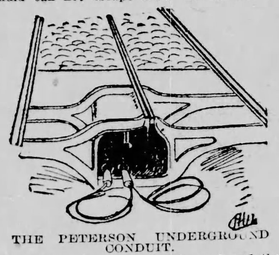
The Queen's Curious Needle.

Queen Victoria is in possession of a curious needle. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch and represents the Trajan Column in miniature. Scenes from the Queen's life are depicted on the needle, so finely cut that they are only discernible through a microscope.

WIRES IN A CONDUIT.

Electric Railway Invention by a Milwaukee Man.

H. Peterson, an electrical constructing engineer from Milwaukee, Wis., has invented and patented an underground conduit for the use of electric trolley roads which, it is said by the Chicago Tribune, is a solution of the problem of keeping the conduit free from moisture. Many other objectional features of other plans for underground trolleys are also said to be overcome. It is claimed that the new invention will obviate all danger to pedestrians from electric shocks, as the fluid can not escape from the conduit to



THE PETERSON UNDERGROUND CONDUIT.

the rails. A return wire is used and the whole system is so well insulated that there is no danger of leakage to gas or water pipes or to any metallic underground system.

The question of keeping the conduit free from moisture has always been the problem which has vexed and baffled electricians. There has never been a scheme tried which would overcome all atmospheric conditions and keep the damp air from penetrating the conduit and thereby causing a leakage from the wire to the ground. In Mr. Peterson's invention this trouble is said to be overcome.

The conduit is divided into two compartments. The first contains the slot through which the trolley arm passes precisely as in the cable systems. Any cable road can easily be changed to the underground trolley electric system without much expense. The other compartment is made practically air and water tight. It contains the two insulated rails, making a complete circuit, in which the usual amount of power is carried. This compartment is kept perfectly dry by a continuous blast of cold air which is forced through by large fans at the power house. The only connection between the compartments is the slot through which an arm from the trolley passes and through which the the contact with the rail is gained. The connecting slot is furnished with a self-closing device which opens as the arm passes and closes as soon as the trolley arm has passed. All the moisture and dirt entering the surface slot is caught in the first compartment.

Openings are made which connect with the sewer at intervals. Each trolley arm is provided with a brush intended to sweep all dirt and water along and deposit it in the sewer openings. Another feature of the invention is a simple device by which the motive power can be taken either from an overhead or underground system. The change requires but a moment and can be done by the motor man without leaving his platform. This makes it possible for the underground system to be used in the more crowded parts of a city and the overhead plan on suburban streets where it is less objectionable.

PUTTING ON A VEIL.

To Do It Properly is Far More Difficult Than One Thinks.

What a difficult matter it is to put on a veil becomingly, so that it sits comfortably on and around the bonnet, and that no unsightly fold sloping upward from the nose should accentuate any upward tendency of that important feature. Very few maids have the art of putting a veil on well.

A friend of mine told me that before she finally engaged a new lady's maid she always asked her to put on a veil for her, that she might judge how she could do it. "You see," added my friend, "no maid will understand the extreme importance of the operation."

"I have studied the matter lately myself, and am seriously thinking of starting classes to teach lady's maids how to put veils. Some people think that a little black thread puckering up the veil at the top of the bonnet solves the difficulty—it doesn't; but I am keeping my information for my classes."

KENTUCKY'S GOOD ROADS.

They Utilize Convict Labor to Build Good Turnpikes.

"I think that one great cause of the prosperity of Kentucky as a state lies in her excellent system of roads," said John Sinnott, of Paducah, Ky.

"We utilize our convicts by making them work upon our roads. Take the city in which I live, for instance, and the good results of this idea are apparent. We have four big pikes, or macadamized and well-graded roads, running out from the city. On a rainy day, when the farmer can't plow, he'll hitch up his team, put a hogshead of tobacco or a load of corn on his wagon and come to town. In most sections of the United States he couldn't get to town on a rainy day with a loaded wagon, on account of the mud. As it is in our country, he saves a whole day, saves his team and his wagon and his temper, and the town merchant gets the benefit of his trade."—Washington Post.

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

Precedence in Boston.

Miss Backbay—Mamma, is the Chelsea family as old as ours?

Mrs. Backbay—Not quite, my dear. They are of Mayflower stock, indeed; but our ancestors preceded theirs by five minutes in leaving the boat.—Puck.

A Natural Question.

Nodd—I've got an engagement with my wife to meet her on the corner at 2. (Looking at his watch.) It's 2 now.

Todd (married himself)—What time do you expect her?—Truth.

And He Did.

He—I think you ought to have had more mistletoe in the parlor. Miss Gladys.

She—Well, in these hard times you must take that will for the deed, you know.—Chicago Record.

His Mind is Gone.

"Old Gadboy has married again."

"You don't tell me so."

"Yes, and he married a right young girl, 40 years younger than he is."

"Well, declare! His other wife died six months ago, and he went on so at the grave that I expected that he would lose his mind."

"Well, you see your prediction has come to pass."—Texas Siftings.

What Did She Mean?

Cheaply Fashionable Lady (to friend)—Tell me, where did you buy your spats?

Friend—Oh, I forgot the name—some shoe shop in Shoe lane. They're not very good boots.

Cheaply Fashionable Lady—I didn't want very good ones.

Friend—No, I didn't suppose you did.—London Judy.

Her Society Novel.

Eulalie—And how are you getting on with your society novel, dear?

Beatrice—Oh, Eulalie, I've made a splendid beginning! I know it will be a good story.

Eulalie—Do let me read the first chapter.

Beatrice—I would, only, you see, I haven't actually written anything yet. But I got hold of an upholsterer's catalogue yesterday.—Puck.

A Proud Distinction.

Van Bonnet—I asked the haughty Miss DeVere to marry me last night.

B. Leavitt-Nott (aghast)—You?

Van Bonnet—I; but of course I didn't spring it on her all of a sudden; I introduced the subject gradually. First I asked her what she thought of Jupiter; and then, while her attention was distracted, I asked her to marry me.

B. Leavitt-Nott—And what did she say? (triumphantly) I asked her.—Puck.

At White Heat.

She—I am so worried about my aunt; she is at the point of death.

He—Is that your wealthy aunt?

She—Yes.

He—Well, never mind, dearest. You have my love, which is greater than ever.—Life.

BOSTON'S WEALTHY WOMEN.

Several Millionaires Among Them—One Has an Estate of $22,000,000.

One of the wealthiest women in Boston is undoubtedly the widow of the late Augustus Hemengway, as she was the chief heir to an estate valued at $22,000,000. Mrs. Hemingway resides in one of the grand old houses on Mount Vernon street, and from her home dispenses a wide hospitality that includes the poor as well as the rich, and the charities and philanthropic enterprises in which she has long been quietly interested can only be numbered by her nearest friends. Her normal cooking school and her gymnasium are described by the Journal as two of her most successful undertakings.

Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, daughter of Prof. Louis Agassiz, has a private fortune which enables her to dispense a royal bounty. Her "kindergarten" work alone is said to cost her about $50,000 a year.

Mrs. Sears, the wife of J. Montgomery Sears, and daughter of Charles F. Choate, of Southboro, also has a worthy fortune in her own name. Mrs. Sears' reputation as an artist has been established since her notable triumph in winning the $500 Evans prize, awarded by the jury of the New York water color exhibition last year.

Mrs. S. D. Warren, of Mount Vernon street, is credited with at least $2,000,000. She owns the Androscoggin mills and a great deal of other property. She is exceedingly philanthropic, and her love for pictures has led her to indulge in many by the most eminent artists of the time. Mr. Alpheus Hardy is worth nearly $1,000,000. She is very fond of flowers, cultivating them with great success. A superb chrysanthemum is named for her. Mrs. W. H. Slocum, daughter of Moses Williams, is worth $800,000, and Miss Elizabeth Brigham enjoys a share in the use of her late brother's large estate, which, when the last legatee shall have died, will endow a hospital to be called by the name of its founder. There are many women whose names do not appear in the tax list because their money is invested in government and corporation bonds. In the latter case the corporation pays the taxes, and the names of individuals do not appear. There is, however, a long list of names of women who pay taxes on very THE ORIGINAL MERMAID. ..... large sums, ranging from $100,000 to $500,000 or more.

THE ORIGINAL MERMAID.

Different From the Ideal as an Actress is From Her Lithographs.

The latest addition to the mammalia department of the Academy of Science is a real mermaid, says the San Francisco Examiner. The strange specimen arrived from Australia a few weeks ago, and is now in the hands of the taxidermist. The process of curing and stuffing will be completed in a few days. Then the public may visit the academy and take a good square look at an honest siren of the seas.

MERMAID DRESSING HER TRESSES.

Although the animal is the veritable original of the mermaid, her scientific name is not so supple—it is the lips are soft, but names given to the marine sirens of mythology. She is known as the dugong, and while she is more or less interesting to the naturalist on being thus heedlessly the cause of the mermaid myths, she is still more interesting to him because she is a dugong. For the dugong has been battling for existence in the marine world for centuries, and is about to lose her identity among her aquatic neighbors of the Southern deep. The dugong is becoming rapidly extinct. A specimen is seldom captured, and the one in the possession of the academy is regarded as an extraordinary prize.

Every nation under the sun has contributed to the mythical evolution of the dugongs from a member of the manatee family of mammalia to a beautiful sea siren with languorous eyes and flowing hair, who woos foolish mariners to destruction, and the folk-lore of every nation has a different idea of the appearance of the mermaid. The crafty Chinese and Japanese have even manufactured a hideous semblance to a woman fish, and great painters have deigned to commit to canvas their conception of the siren. The unattractive, motherly dugong was the cause of it all.

THE DUGONG AND HER YOUNG.

The dugong forms the connecting link between the real whale and the seals and walruses. Like the whale, the animal has no hind feet, but a powerful horizontal tail, its anterior extremities are more flexibly jointed than those of the whale, and this is a distinguishing characteristic between the two animals. The dugong is said to have attained a length of 20 feet, but the usual length is from 8 to 12 feet. The specimen at the academy is nearly 7 feet long, and has been very well preserved. In appearance the animal resembles the manatee or sea cow. Its upper lip is large, thick, and fleshy, and its snout is like the trunk of an elephant cut short across.

When the dugong is nursing its young its breasts are enlarged so as to be almost human in their aspect. The nursing progress is carried on by the mother above water. The baby dugong is pressed against the exposed breast with one of mamma dugong's flippers, and in this position the animal swims horizontally through the water, using her remaining flipper to propel herself along. It is this singular characteristic of the animal that has given rise to the fable of the mermaid.

For Supper.

Potato salad is a nice dish for a light Sunday supper. It may be made in a hurry, by boiling the potatoes in salted water, letting them stand till almost cool, cutting them into dice, adding a generous portion of butter, half an onion shredded fine, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, all mixed well together and served cold. But when it is desirable for the salad to look nice as well as to taste good, mix the potatoes and onions, put them in a salad dish and pour over them a French dressing made with two tablespoonfuls of salad oil or butter, the yolk of one egg and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, mixing carefully the egg and butter and adding vinegar carefully. The dish is then garnished with slices of hard-boiled egg and sprigs of parsley.

The "G. O. M." of Harmony.

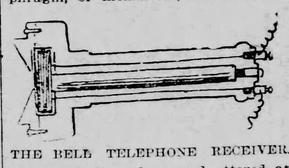
Sim Reeves will make still another "farewell" tour. The wonderful veteran tenor will visit the provinces on this occasion, and as his fame appears to be growing in London, where thronged audiences assemble to witness his rare appearances, it is quite certain that he will create a sensation among our own country cousins. At present he is professionally engaged at the Guildhall School of Music on very remunerative terms. Sim Reeves may fairly be termed the Grand Old Man of the world of harmony.

NOT QUITE RUNG OFF.

Has the Telephone People Some Surprises in Reserve?

The expiration of the Graham Bell patent on the telephone receiver was an event to which makers and sellers of telephones looked forward eagerly because they believed that a great market would be opened up to them which they have heretofore been unable to enter. There is good reason for believing, however, that the telephone monopoly still has several cards up its sleeve.

In the Graham Bell device a small bar magnet in the tube terminates just short of a thin metallic diaphragm, or membrane, whose vibra-



THE BELL TELEPHONE RECEIVER.

tions reproduce the sound uttered at the other end of the line. These vibrations are caused by the variations in the magnet's attractive power, and the latter result from changes of intensity in the electric current let in from the main line and sent through a coil of fine copper wire around the end of the magnet next the diaphragm. This patent, like the fundamental one covering the use of electricity in transmitting articulate speech, and expiring last March, was very broad in its provisions, and shut out a great variety of inventions.

The Bell transmitter, while different in shape, was identical in principle with the receiver. That is, the vibration of an iron diaphragm in the mouthpiece before the end of a magnet varied the strength of the latter, and hence also of the current induced in a coil surrounding the magnet.

Several modifications of the transmitter, however, have been invented. Edison found that certain poorly conducting material had its electrical resistance (which is the reverse of conductivity) greatly affected by slight changes of pressure, and on putting a small carbon disk, through which the current flowed, where the sound waves of the voice would impinge upon it, the current was broken up into waves of corresponding frequency. The Blake transmitter is a modification of this device, the essential difference from the original being that Blake interposed a short piece of thick platinum wire between the vibrating membrane and the carbon disk. There are four patents covering different minor features of this invention and these all expired in England on January 20, this year. Ordinarily that occurrence would render void any patents on the same things in this country applied for at a date subsequent to the foreign issue.

However, Blake did not receive a broad patent, covering the principle involved. An application by him has long hung fire, mysteriously, and it has been suspected that were other barriers swept away an issue might possibly be made to him (and thus, virtually, to the Bell Telephone Company), which would give the latter an extension of their exclusive control. But there are some other patents to be considered in this connection. Two or three were granted to Edison in May, 1892, on his microphone, and a very broad one to Emile Berliner, November 17, 1891, which may prove serious obstacles. It has been claimed that Edison's are invalid now, because those which he took out on the same inventions in England have expired. But Edison's counsel hold that the statutory limitation covers only cases where the application, not the issue abroad, was prior to the similar act in America, and a similar case (the Bate refrigerator) has gone to the United States Supreme Court to be determined. There is a chance, therefore, that these Edison patents may be sustained by the decision in the Bate case. Berliner's claim is for "the method of producing in a circuit electrical undulations similar in form to sound waves, by causing the sound waves to vary the pressure between electrodes in constant contact." For several reasons which need not be repeated here a government suit to invalidate this patent has been brought, and it will probably be heard in Boston next May. At present it is in force, and if not overthrown it has nearly fifteen years yet to run.

MATRIMONY.

Her Choice of a Man.

I will not wed a millionaire, to be accused of crime,
If he should chance to pass away a bit before his time.
A poor man's wife I'll never be, to bake and stew and broil,
With half a dozen little ones to add to all my toil.

I will not wed a handsome man, a "sport" would not suit me—
They're bound to have another wife, and sometimes two or three.
A homely man is not my style—a "dude" I would detest—
I could not love a solemn man nor one who's prone to jest.

I will not wed the man who seeks for years my love to gain,
The very slowness of his suit would always bring me pain.
I will not wed the man who claims to love me at first glance—my all—until I get in fact, I will not wed at all—until I get a chance.
—Brooklyn Life.

Where the Difference Was.

"I can not marry you, Mr. Albion. I have looked up your ancestry and your grandfather was a tradesman."

"Prue, Marie; but we are cousins. He was your grandfather, too. How are you better born than I?"

"You forget that I am an American, while you are English. It is nothing for an American to have had a grandfather in trade, but for an Englishman—O, it's awful!"—Life.

Her View of It.

A maiden of uncertain years
Beside her cozy fire sat,
And spoke her modest hopes and fears
In confidence unto her cat.

"A man may be a brute, 'tis true,
A wicked wretch an' that,
But Robert Burns his failings knew—
'A man's a man for a' that.'"
—Detroit Tribune.

Use of the Fork and Spoon.

An absurd and inconvient dictate of the present fashion is the almost complete banishment of the teaspoon. The multiple fork has gradually encroached upon the spoon's domain until even the various grains and vegetables of the most elusive sort, which were once wont to occupy little dishes and have a teaspoon apiece, are now amalgamated with the rest of the dinner, and disposed of as best one may with a four-tined implement. For the present teaspoons are still permitted for stirring and sipping beverages without incurring the odium of greenness and vulgarity.

Sonzogno Enjoys Herself.

A letter from Milan to the Berlin Courier describes a dinner at Sonzogno's house at which Mascagni gave extracts from his forthcoming "Ratcliff." At dinner Mascagni displayed indescribable extravagance, laughing and talking, talking and laughing, till he almost forgot to eat. He is just the same big boy whom every one loves, and played at table all kind of tricks.

An Opinion.

Pat—Phat is the Metropolitan Opera House I hear so much about?

Denis—It must be a stockade we choose for all them big millionaires have their boxes up there.—Truth.

Truthful Johnny.

Mother—Why, Johnny, how is this? It is past 7 o'clock. I told you to come in when the street lamps were lighted.

Johnny—Well, mamma, they are lighted. —Judge.

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A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST BULL RUN.

By DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

Capt. Clayton rode away from Norton's house in a frame of mind that was very unsatisfactory. He had counted confidently upon obtaining proof confirming the reports of Norton's return, but when everything seemed to favor his enterprise and hopes, Marion's manner and confidence in Lacy Norton's rectitude despite all the arguments he could advance, disabused him of his first impressions upon hearing the rumor. He asked himself again and again, "What did it mean? Lacy Norton held his life cheap indeed if he ventured return to Virginia with his hands imbrued in the blood of his kinsmen. He was the only young man of all those who had received instructions from one of the most capable drill masters in the state who, when the supreme moment came, cast his fortunes with the federal government.

And now he had the hardihood to play the spy! No matter what his motive was; no matter what other reasons he might assign there could be but one interpretation placed upon his act. The rules of war in his case would prove inexorable—he invited and deserved death.

The camp was silent in sleep when he reached it. Making his way to Capt. Dwight's tent, he found the captain in the act of disrobing. The captain's cordial invitation to remain with him was irresistible, the more so when evidences of creature comforts were abundant.

In a very brief period Sydney Clayton learned all that Capt. Dwight knew concerning Caroline Norton. Capt. Dwight expressed astonishment and manifested apprehension upon learning that Miss Norton had not returned home. He dismissed, as unworthy a moment's discussion or consideration, the theory that she had been prevailed upon to accompany her brother North, scouted the reported reappearance of Lacy Norton, where his life would not be worth a rash, and in various ways caused Clayton to think the people of Richmond who credited the reports were easily misled and imposed upon.

"Not but what Norton might return, if he had sufficient motive," said Capt. Dwight. "He does not lack courage, I faith," he added with an oath, "did it ever occur to you Clayton, that it requires more courage than most men could muster—I confess more than I possess, to be frank with you—for a man who really thinks the government is right, and we are all wrong, to go the way his inclinations lead him? I put it to you now. If you could possibly bring yourself to that view—do you think you could go over?"

Clayton's response was both profane and emphatic. It was to the effect that he would stay with his friends and his kindred at the risk of perdition.

"Give the devil his due then. Although I can't find language sufficient to express my abhorrence of Norton's action, I always said it required extraordinary courage, so don't let us make any mistake on that head."

"Fancy a fellow familiar with every cowpath guiding the Yankees into the houses that made him a welcome guest; to pillage and murder his former friends and associates," said Sydney angrily.

"I can't," Dwight replied drily. "I can imagine Norton trying to soften the rigors of war when they are practiced on his old friends. I can't quite picture the fellow a ghoul. You and I differ in our estimate of Norton, but so long as we are one in our ideas of dealing with him, what odds. What's that?"

"It sounded like an order."

"I believe you are right."

Dwight walked to the entrance of the tent, turned the flap back and looked out. Sydney observed the flap closing. When he advanced to the entrance he encountered Dwight, who rushed past him saying, "There is a detail ordered out. I am included—or rather I have invited myself. Both the lieutenants are here—they can be relied upon if anything is on the carpet. But you—"

"I am with you."

"You must be devilish tired," said Dwight, as he buckled on his sword and reached for his holster.

"If I were ten times as tired I wouldn't miss a chance. I have been aching for some excitement ever since they took me to Richmond."

The next moment he consigned the capital to perdition so far as a soldier's life was concerned.

When they mounted their horses they found a detail composed of squads from three companies under the command of the senior captain of the regiment, who welcomed Clayton warmly, at the same time expressing the hope that he would not be disappointed in his earnest desire for "a brush with the enemy."

"One of our men who has just come in camp reports a scouting party on the road. If they will give us an opportunity, we will furnish matter for a report when they return to Washington," said the captain commanding the detail.

The detail, consisting of 24 men, and the officers rode quietly out of camp and turned towards Washington. Fortunately there was light enough to enable them to follow the road as readily as in broad daylight. The little cavalcade trotted along gaily as long as there was no necessity for preserving silence, but when they deflected from the main road and filed slowly along a bridle-path they were obedient to the command to preserve silence. At the end of an interval that seemed interminable to Clayton, a halt was called. The main road was almost within view; only a fringe of forest trees concealed the party from persons passing on the road.

The captain in charge of the detail, accompanied by a sergeant, rode forward and reconnoitered. They returned in a bad humor. They were likely to return to camp as they came. It was a bitter disappointment, but either they were dilatory, or the scouting party had made a shorter circuit, or pressed their horses unmercifully. Evidences of their recent passage were abundant all along the road at the point examined by the captain and sergeant.

"What will you do now?" Clayton inquired impatiently.

"What do you think, Dwight?" said the captain, "have you anything to propose?"

"Do you think there is a possibility of overtaking them—I mean of cutting them off, and compelling them to fight?"

"It depends upon the start they have. If they are apprehensive, we will only have trouble for nothing. If they are within a mile or so, by purling over the ridge, with a little hard riding, there is just one chance in an hundred of intercepting them or getting close enough to warm them."

"I vote in favor of the odd chance," said Clayton impulsively. "Now we are out, we might as well go on and rout out the fellows posted near the long bridge."

The commander of the detail smiled at his eagerness. Dwight remarked drily: "Clayton feels equal to the task of taking Washington single-handed almost."

"Report says you expressed similar views on the battlefield, Dwight."

"If I did, I have had time to revise my judgment. I am in favor of going on now, however."

The command was given, and the detail skirted the woodland in somewhat ragged order, plunged into the woodland and across a ridge, then galloped down the slope on the other side at the imminent risk of collision with the trees in the deep shadows.

"This is exhilarating, at least—better than mewing oneself up in chambers in Richmond," said Clayton as he reined up beside Dwight, who at that moment experienced a smart blow in the face from a branch of a tree. He recovered himself in an instant, replaced his hat and replied:

"There's no accounting for tastes. At this moment almost any decent sort of sleeping quarters seems preferable to me. Ah!" he exclaimed a moment later as his companion was betrayed into an exclamation, "your head is still on your shoulders. This experience entitles a man to as much consideration as the capture of a dozen Yankees."

By this time they were close to the commander of the detail, who suddenly checked his horse and turned his head in a listening attitude. Clayton, whose hearing was remarkably keen, suddenly exclaimed with an oath:

"——! it's the Yanks! I hear them captain."

The group sat silent under the trees, listening.

"Don't you hear them?" demanded Clayton earnestly, addressing the captain: "Can't you hear them, Dwight?"

"I might if you would keep silent," the captain replied tastily. At the end of a minute the sound of horses hoofs was heard by all distinctly.

"Captain Clayton," said the officer in charge, "you will oblige me by holding your horse in. There is something here I don't understand."

"I understand it," Clayton answered in a tone designed to mollify the commander of the party. "If you will allow me to suggest it, they are coming this way, and some one is a long distance ahead."

"That would explain it." The captain instantly commanded his men to take up positions on both sides of the road. The sound of the horseman near at hand, and the noise made by those following him caused the blood to tingle in the veins of the men in ambush. When the word was given to fire, accompanied by the command, "Forward, cut them down!" the Confederate cavalryman bounded forward on their prey like an arrow from the bow.

How they contested the ground with a superior force, realized the truth in time, and skilfully withdrew from a brief contest that was momentarily growing more unequal has been related in a previous chapter.

"Are you seriously hurt?"

Captain Dwight's tone expressed solicitude as he rode up to Clayton, when the Confederates were assured that pursuit was relinquished. Sydney had reined in under a tree, removed his coat, torn a shirt-sleeve out, slit it up, and was binding up his left arm unaided. The flow of blood was checked. Captain Dwight at once took the ends of the improvised band in his hands, re-arranged and tied it.

"Perhaps you had best pull your coat on again," he added.

"I'll risk the chances," Sydney answered. "It's not bad—no bones hurt. I think a ball passed through it. I am thinking more of my horse just now. He is fagged out."

"Not much wonder, considering the distance you traveled."

"If there was any place to rest, I would welcome it."

The officer in command overtaking them at that overheard the remark.

"We may congratulate ourselves that we got off as well as we did, all things considered. They must have outnumbered us, two to one.

"Worse than that," said Dwight. "I am confident there were as many on the road as we have, say nothing of the men that were trying to outflank us."

"Can you move your arm, Clayton?" The commander of the detail expressed great concern as he turned to Captain Clayton. "You say your horse is jaded. They are all pretty well used up. That spurt over the ridge and the skirmish was rather trying on man and beast. I think there is a house not far from here where we can find fodder, possibly a bed for you, Captain Clayton. We are not very far from a part of the battlefield I ought to remember."

"There is a house," said Dwight suddenly. "Is that the place you refer to?"

"Yes—I know where we are now. We will bivouac here. The men are tired. A few hours' sleep will refresh them."

By this time they were near a house located a short distance from the road side. A sergeant was sent forward to rouse the occupants. Presently a light gleamed from the door. The sergeant returned with a favorable report. Five minutes later the cavalrymen were dismounting in the yard adjoining the house. Lights flitted here and there as the cavalrymen gathered fodder for their horses. The occupants of the house, staunch Confederates, gladly proffered such fare as they had to their unexpected visitors. Clayton's request for a temporary couch was complied with immediately. The host was in the act of showing him to his room, when a door opened on the opposite side of the hall dividing a roomy house.

"Mason! You here!"

"There is nothing so wonderful in my being here. What are you doing here, when you ought to be in Richmond?"

"That's a short horse, soon curried," Clayton replied, as he stared at Harry Mason's arm in splints, then noted his pallid cheeks. "I see you have had quite a tussle."

"What's the raw? Where did you get that?" Mason nodded significantly to the now neatly bandaged arm hanging at Clayton's side. "Not another battle?"

"No! No such good luck," Clayton growled. "Only a little brush in the road with a few Yanks. Although they were too much for us, I think we got the best of it."

"Where are you taking Clayton?" Mason locked from his friend to the host. "Bring him in my room. Come in here."

The host surrendered the light to Sydney, who followed Mason into his room as the host descended the stairs.

"I sleep with one eye open ever since I got this," said Mason, pointing to his useless arm. "I heard the knock. When you came up, I thought it meant some sort of a movement."

"There isn't much prospect for a movement soon, more's the pity," Clayton replied. "There's a great deal of dissatisfaction about it at Richmond, let me tell you."

"Who is with you? Is that Dwight's voice I heard? Is he in charge?"

"Captain Knowland has charge of the detail. There's only twenty-four men—but they are men, Mason."

"You'll find the regiment is made up of men, if they ever have another opportunity to fight," Mason answered with conscious pride. "What's the programme"

"O, we are only resting here for a little while. The men and horses have earned a rest. As for me—I did a neat sixty miles since yesterday morning, if I rode one. I am dead tired."

"Then you want to go right asleep and postpone talking till you get up," Mason replied in an authoritative manner. "There you are now—make yourself as comfortable as you can. Good night, or morning, rather."

Captains Dwight and Knowland preferred to stretch themselves on the parlor floor. The privates lay on the porch and in the lower hall; there was one man on guard, who dozed the greater part of the time.

Harry Mason fell asleep soon after bidding his bedfellow good-night. He awoke with a start. The time seemed very short. His arm pained him severely. He got up quietly, struck a light and looked at the timepiece. He was surprised upon discovering that it was long after 8 in the morning. He had slept two hours. He looked at his comrade. Clayton was sleeping soundly. Mason paced the room nervously for ten minutes, then his craving for a smoke overmastered him. He searched the room thoroughly, and just when he was about giving up the quest in disgust, he discovered an unopened box of smoking tobacco, that rewarded his efforts richly. He filled the brierwood pipe lying on the mantel, seated himself near a window and gave himself up the enjoyment of that first pipe his lips held since he was found on the battlefield.

Was it mere fancy? The first whiff of the sweet, brierwood pipe seemed to do him more good than all the doctors had prescribed.

The eastern horizon was tinged with a faint light—the first indications of dawn. The silence was profound. Harry Mason forgot his wound, the hour, place, everything in the enjoyment of his pipe. Ten, fifteen minutes passed. The pipe was refilled and glowed anew as he sat staring out of the window. Then a thin mist arose, veiling the distant objects. The mist gathered, dissolved, gathered afresh and rolled apart, showing great rifts. Here the view was unobstructed as far as the eye could reach in the hazy light; there, the mist, like a cloud, concealed objects near at hand.

Suddenly a shot close at hand startled the smoker. The pipe almost fell as he straightened himself in his seat. The smell of powder rose in the air as he heard the guard shout, "Halt, there!" At the same instant a second shot smote the calm morning air.

There was a Babel of sounds on the porch; the clanking of sabers, jingling spurs and hurried tramp of heavy boots added to rapid commands, questions and answers, that ascended to the listener at the window.

The window was open. Thrusting his head out, Mason glanced to the right and left quickly. The mist on the right was impenetrable. To the left of the house there was a clear space, which was gradually widening. As he was on the point of withdrawing his head from the window, the mist parted suddenly, discovering the figure of a man in the act of passing from one tree to another.

The man's face was turned toward the house. In the gray morning light Harry Mason recognized the man's features.

"Norton, by all the gods!" Mason exclaimed.

Leaning out of the window and calling to the cavalrymen who were rushing to their horses, Mason shouted:

"A hundred dollars to the man that captures him! It's Lacy Norton—he's in the fringe of the woods there to the left."

Knowland was in his saddle. Without pausing to look at Mason he galloped in the direction indicated, disappearing in the mist, leaving Capt. Dwight to follow. The cavalrymen mounted swiftly and rode away singly and in couples without regard to orders. In three minutes the entire command disappeared from view; they were lost in the mist that rolled over the slope.

Harry Mason turned and looked at the bed, then burst into laughter.

Capt. Clayton was sleeping soundly.

"Wake up, Clayton! Hello, there!" said Mason, as he shook Clayton's sound arm. Clayton rose, leaned on his sound elbow, and stared at Mason stupidly. Then realizing something unusual was in the air, he cleared his throat sufficiently to ask,

"What's up, Harry?"

"The devil's up. The guard has fired twice—everybody has gone in search of the scoundrel—and you lie there like one of the seven sleepers."

"Who are they after? What did he do?" queried Clayton, as he stared hard at Mason.

"It's Lacy Norton. I saw him as plainly as——"

Sydney Clayton bounded out of the bed, forgetful of his wound, interrupting Mason wrathfully. "Norton! Is he about? You saw him?—and did not wake me! I'd give a thousand dollars to lay my hands on him. Why didn't you wake me in time?"

"There is no need for haste. He can't escape, Harry. It is impossible. They will soon capture him in this light. What are you looking at?"

Mason whirled around suddenly, following the angle of Clayton's vision. There, within a hundred yards of the house, with his face turned over one shoulder, looking backward as he ran straight towards the house, they beheld Lacy Norton. His uniform was soiled and torn, his hands bleeding. Sydney Clayton seized a pistol from a holster lying on a chair and strode to the window.

"No! Don't shoot!" exclaimed Harry Mason, angrily; "he is my game. I will capture him."

Darting past Clayton he dashed down the stairs, sabre in hand. In that supreme moment his hatred of the traitor endowed him with a strength that surprised himself. To rush through the hall, and out through the door left wide open in the confusion caused by the cavalrymen's rush for their horses, occupied scarcely more than seconds. He leaped across the porch with uplifted sabre, shouting, "Surrender!" Another inst

STORIES OF WAR TIME

TALES OF DARING IN THE GREAT REBELLION.

Stirring Contributions From Col. N. T. Willis and Maj. A. R. Calhoun —Fifth Number of a Notable Series.

Told by Maj. A. R. Calhoun.

"By ——, you are the one man I want to see here!"

The man who wrung my hand and shouted this into my ear, was in the uniform of a Federal captain of cavalry. He was about 30 years of age, over six feet in height, and lean, lithe and active as a tiger. His hair was crisp and yellow, his eyes blue, and but for the determined and almost desperate expression of his face at this time, Capt. George Walker, of Carter's Second East Tennessee Cavalry, "fightin' for de gov'ment," might have been thought handsome. As he addressed me in the prison pen at Atlanta, Ga., in November, 1863, I noticed that he was distinguished from the other prisoners by having a thick iron ring attached to his right ankle. To the ring was fastened a heavy, rusty, iron chain, at the end of which there was an iron ball that weighed at least a hundred pounds, but which he carried as if it were a toy.

A year before this when, a boy of 18, I entered the army, I met Walker for the first time at Somerset, Ky. At that time he was regarded as one of the most daring scouts in our service, and this reputation he maintained to the end.

"You can't be a friend to be glad to see me here," I said, as we sat side by side on a log, the rain pouring down in torrents on the hungry, poorly-clad men in blue about us; but sitting there, the captain told me his story.

When the war broke out he was working at his trade in the machine shop of the Georgia Central railroad, at Atlanta. Every man capable of bearing arms was at once mustered into the service of the Confederacy, and those needed for other duties, like Walker, were specially detailed. He was an East Tennesseean and an intense Union man, so, at the first opportunity, deserted, made his way through to Camp Dick Robinson, in Kentucky, and enlisted in Carter's regiment.

His courage, intelligence, and knowledge of the people and geography of the mountain country, made him an invaluable scout. He was on special duty in the Chickamauga campaign, when he was captured and taken on to Atlanta, from which point the prisoners were sent north to Libby and Belle Isle. At Atlanta Walker

"YOU ARE THE ONE MAN I WANT TO SEE HERE."

was recognized by some of his former associates, separated from the other prisoners, tried for desertion and sentenced to death.

This was Wednesday, the 23d of November, and he was to die on the following Friday. "But," he said, in conclusion, "if they shoot me, it must be on the wing, and I want you to help me."

I told him I was ready, but I did not see how I could assist an unarmed man, hampered with a ball and chain, to scale the fifteen feet of surrounding stockade, with an armed guard every fifteen paces.

"I've filed the rivets and can get out of the irons," he explained. "And with the help of a stretcher that's inside, I can climb so as to get hold of the stockade, then I can pull myself up, and swing over."

"But the guards!" I protested.

"I want you and your friends to take care of them," he said.

In the middle of the stockade there was a pile of bricks, the chimney of a house that had been burned down. "All the guards are green," continued Walker, "and if just at twelve, you could get our boys to heave bricks down at the other end, they'd run there from their posts and leave me a clear front to the south. They have a camp with 5,000 men in it outside, but if I'm shot running through it'll be a d—n sight better than standin' up to the thing blindfolded, you know."

I at once told Walker's purpose to a score or more men, whom I could trust, and I found every one of them ready to risk his life to help their comrade. I was with him when the guards called out: "Half past eleven and all's well!" He freed himself from the chain, and I bade him "good-by and God speed."

I went to the men, whom I found crouching on the wet ground with bricks in their arms. I never felt so nervous before, and I was amazed at the captain's splendid nerve and coolness. At length the shout went round the stockade, "Twelve o'clock, and all's well!" That was the signal. On the instant, thirty men rose and began to "heave bricks." With cries of alarm, the guards fired wildly into the stockade, and rushed in a body to the point of attack.

Walker's one chance had come; the space to the south was clear. I rose and watched him by the dim light of the dead line lamps. He ran to the stockade, placed the stretcher against it, mounted, seized the top of the logs, and was over, with the speed and grace of a greyhound. We could hear the firing along the trail, and the distant cheer that told us he was free of the camp.

The gallant fellow reached the Union lines in safety, and strange to say, not a man was injured by the firing of the guard.

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

Told by Capt. George P. Singer.

Lieutenant Kupp, of the 88th Pa. Volunteers, was a tall, lank, slab-sided young man, who spoke but little, and that little with a drawl, and who in appearance and manner was far from being an ideal soldier.

I first saw Kupp in Libby prison in the early part of 1864. He, with a large number of his regiment, had been captured at Gettysburg, I believe; and eight months in prison had reduced his uniform to rags. At this time the Richmond authorities permitted the friends of prisoners in the North, to send through under flag of truce, boxes containing food and clothing, provided the clothing was such as worn by citizens.

Kupp was fortunate in getting a box, and in that box there was a suit of brown clothes, the cloth of which looked as if it were made at home; there was no doubt that the tailoring was done there. Dressed in this butternut costume the lieutenant bore a striking resemblance to one of those North Carolinians so familiar to all at the front. Indeed, his friends in "the Upper East Room," called him a "Tar-heel" and made frequent inquiries about the last news from "North Killeny," which he bore with characteristic good nature.

Every morning at daylight a little clerk named Ross, with a sergeant and guard came in to count the prisoners; the process was known as "roll call." Some times Confederate soldiers on leave in Richmond, and even private citizens came in with the guard to see the "caged Yankees."

One dull morning in early February the guards were going down the steps leading to the office of Turner, the commandant, on the ground floor in the west end of the building, when, to the unspeakable amazement of all who saw the act, Kupp fell in behind them. The guards passed directly through Major Turner's quarters and out to the street; but here Kupp hung back. After a few minutes the commandant entered, and supposing him to be a Confederate private, he shouted out:

"Hello! What the devil do you want?"

"Waal," drawled Kupp, "I got a furlough to come up to Richmond, and so I thought I'd like to drop in and take a look at the Yanks, if so be you don't mind."

"But I do mind! Get out of here, confound you, and go to the front, where you'll see Yankees enough to scare you to death," and Turner motioned his guest to the door.

Kupp said "all right, Kernal," and left the prison by order of his keeper.

"GET OUT OF HERE, CONFOUND YOU."

An ordinary man would have made tracks as soon as he got out, but not so Kupp. The man had no nerves, no fitting sense of the danger of his situation. He crossed to the other side of Carey street, and stood looking up at the bars behind which swarmed his astonished friends. At length, he lifts his hat and made a bow that set even the guards a laughing. He deserved to get through and he did. Up to this time Kupp's escape ranks first in my memory of all the acts of cool daring witnessed during the war.

GEORGE P. SINGER.

Told by Capt. Edward Dawn.

I saw hard service, from Mill Springs, in Kentucky, till the surrender of General "Joe" Johnson, in North Carolina, but the case of Sergeant James Owens, of the First Kentucky, I think the most thrillingly daring incident of the war, and I am glad of the opportunity to keep it from sinking into oblivion.

In November, 1863, two divisions of the Ninth corps were besieged in Knoxville, East Tennessee, by General Longstreet. I was in the besieged city at the time with a company of dismounted cavalry. The weather was bitterly cold, rations were reduced and uncertain, and there was a pretty general feeling that if relief did not soon reach us from Chattanooga, that we would be starved into a surrender.

It will be remembered that immediately after the battle of Missionary Ridge, General Sherman was ordered to march north with all speed and relieve Burnside, and it was all-important that Burnside should know that relief was coming. After much searching a man was found, who knew the country as well as if he had built it, and who was ready to carry the news of coming help to the beleaguered garrison.

A brave heart, a good horse, and the roads were desirable, but the first of these was the only necessity sergeant James Owens, of the First Kentucky, had. All the horses were reduced to skeletons and the roads were frightful. In addition to these drawbacks, the scout must travel in disguise, for to venture outside the union lines in the regular uniform would have been a sort of suicide. Owens must go as a Confederate. He was as intelligent as he was brave, and so knew that this was an undertaking on which even the commander-in-chief himself could not order him, yet, for the good of the cause, he volunteered promptly, as soon as he learned what was needed.

Wheeler's, Wharton's and Morgan's Confederate cavalry swarmed in the country over which Owens must ride alone, and after this was successfully done, there were the well-guarded lines of Longstreet, which must be passed before his mission was ended.

Once outside the Union lines, the sergeant was a Confederate in appearance, but a spy, with a halter awaiting him, if detected.

He kept away from the direct roads, representing to the usual bands he met up with, that he was on his way to join Longstreet. After traveling constantly for 30 hours, his horse dropped under him, and he shot the poor creature to put it out of misery; then he resumed his journey on foot.

Just at day break on the morning of November 28, I was in command of the pickets along the Holston river, when I was startled by hearing yells and shots on the other side where the enemy's pickets had been very quiet. While I was wondering what the uproar meant, I could see in the

"HE DIVED IN WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION."

indistinct light a man running like a deer for the river, with a lot of other men on foot and a few mounted, were speeding after him, and firing wildly as they ran.

My first impression was that the fugitive was one of the enemy who had been discovered in the act of deserting to our lines. But be that as it might, the fact that they were trying to kill him, was to us sufficient reason for trying to save him, and on the instant, we opened fire on the pursuers. Straight for the river, the man headed, the shouts and the shots increasing. He reached the bank, but unheeding the swollen, ice-covered current, he dived in without an instant's hesitation.

By this time our firing had called out the nearest regiment, and over the head of the daring swimmer our rifles opened on the enemy, who, instead of returning our fire, still directed their attention to the fugitive. The bullets cut, and splashed, and richochetted about him, and it seemed that he must be killed before he reached our side. He was about a hundred feet from the bank when he suddenly stopped and threw up one hand. On the instant two men leaped in and hurried to his aid.

They brought him to the shore, with his left arm broken. He was carried out of fire, looking like a dying man, but inspired by his purpose, Owens, before he fainted, had the strength to reveal himself, and to cheer the troops at Knoxville with the thrilling news that Sherman was pressing north to our relief.

Owens survived the struggle and came out with a commission, and I have always regarded his exploit, as the bravest act that came under my notice during the war.

EDWARD DAWN.

Told by Lt.-Col. N. T. Willis.

Only those who are entirely familiar with the detailed history of the whole war, are aware of the fact that the tide of battle swept West till it dashed its red spray on the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains. In the summer of 1862, the Confederate general, Sibley, with some ten thousand men, invaded New Mexico from Texas. The Second California and the Second New Mexico cavalry, of the latter regiment the famous frontiersmen Kit Carson was the colonel, with a few hundred regulars, were our main reliance to hold the invasion in check till the Colorado troops could come to our assistance.

The lieutenant colonel of Carson's regiment was a Hollander, named Pfeiffer, and he was certainly one of the most kindly-hearted as well as the most gallant man I ever met. About a week before the battle of Val Varde, I was then a captain, I was ordered to report with my troop to Pfeiffer, for scouting duty in the direction of the enemy.

We had been out for three days, without seeing a trace of the enemy, and when we went into camp the third evening, our Mexican scouts, very skilful, but far from reliable, as I soon learned, reported that there was no armed enemy within a day's march. Of course we took all the guard precautions, but the most timid did not dream of an attack. I should say here that all Carson's enlisted men and many of the officers were native Mexicans.

There was a hint of day in the east, the next morning, when our pickets fired, and came rushing into camp, shouting at the top of their voices: "Los Texicanos! Los Texicanos!" and many leaped on their horses without waiting to saddle and dashed away.

Fortunately our camp was surrounded by masses of volcanic rock that made an excellent natural defenc, and hurrying behind these we opened such a fire on the Texans as arrested the onset and forced them to fall back to the protection of similar rocks, about three hundred yards away; our camp had been in the intervening space.

A number of our men had been killed and wounded before we could get under cover, and among the latter was a bugler of Pfeiffer's regiment, a handsome lad of sixteen. The day that followed was blistering hot, and the bugler, shot through the legs, began about noon to call piteously for water. The poor lad's appeals were heart-rending, but to go to his rescue meant death.

"My God! I can't stand Pedro's

"HE REACHED THE BUGLER."

cries any longer!" This I heard from Pfeiffer, and the next instant he had leaped over the rocks and was hurrying to where the bugler lay.

The enemy fired, and I expected to see the gallant officer fall every moment. He reached the bugler, stooped and took him up in his arms. The instant his purpose became known, and he turned back, the enemy ceased firing. Not only that, but as soon as the daring man reached our lines, the Texans broke into an approving cheer, showing that, even in the heat of battle they could appreciate an act of self-sacrificing heroism.

N. T. WILLIS.

Told by Congressman J. F. Lacey.

I will relate a simple incident of an act of intense heroism, after a battle was over. Jenkin's Ferry, Ark., April 30, 1864, was a bloody field, and Reuben Ccomes, of Co. C, 33d Iowa, fought as gallantly as any of his comrades.

His captain, A. J. Comstock, was dangerously wounded, and if left without proper care was sure to die. Nothing but tender nursing by a careful friend could save him. Gen. Steele's army was about to continue its retreat to Little Rock, and Capt. Comstock must be left to fall into the hands of the enemy.

He asked if any of his company would volunteer to stay with him. Had a forlorn hope been called for to lead a charge, many would have disputed for the place of honor. But to fall into the enemy's hand meant that when the service of the nurse was no longer needed the soldier would be sent to the prison pen of Tyler, Tex. In 1864 the horror of prison life was a nightmare to the Union soldier.

Mr. Coomes came forward; said he, "I cannot volunteer to remain here; my family at home are very dear to me, and if I should never return from the enemy's lines, they would feel that I had sacrificed my life which belongs to them as much as to me. But let me be detailed, and then my service will become a matter of duty."

And so the gallant fellow "volunteered to be detailed," for this dangerous and trying service.

He stood by his captain's cot, as his regiment marched away, leaving them in the woods to fall into the hands of the enemy.

The captain's wound, though well-nigh mortal, was healed, and Mr. Coomes was then sent to prison, where he languished for many months amid the disease and squalor of the prison camp. Thirty years have passed since then, but Mr. Coomes and Captain Comstock, whose life he saved, are friends and neighbors, going down the hill of life together.

JOHN F. LACEY.

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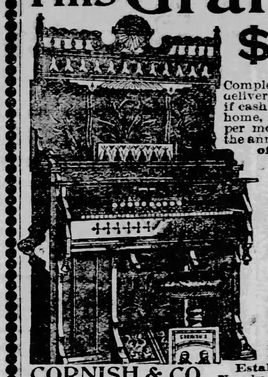

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The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Wart on Colt's Leg.

T. W. M., Missouri: If the wart stands out from the leg, wax a strong silk or linen thread and tie it tightly around the wart. If this cannot be done take of castor oil and salt, stir a teaspoonful of the salt to the ounce of castor oil, and rub it well in the wart two or three times a day.

Remedy for Worms.

W. C. W., Ohio: You do not say whether your fillies and brood mare are troubled with intestinal or thread worms. If the former, take of calomel 2 drachms, tartar emetic 1 drach. Mix with linseed meal and molasses, and after dividing into three powders, and give one for three successive nights. Twenty-four hours after give Barbadoes aloes 3 1-2 drachms, pulverized ginger 1 1-2 drachms. For thread worms, inject up the rectum oil of turpentine 2 drachms, linseed oil 1 pint. Use every morning for a week. In either intestinal or thread worms, the medicine and injection should be followed by 1 drachm sulphate of copper in half a pint of water once a day for a week. The animals must have clean bedding and be well groomed, and a week after treatment as given above give each animal a pint of raw linseed oil.

Lump Between Ears of Colt.

W. H., Iowa: If the lump is not poll evil, as your description indicates that it is not, poultice with linseed meal for three days. Wash with warm water and soap and apply three times a day, carbolic acid 1 part, water 8 parts. If it heals as it should, if it comes from an ordinary bruise, if there is a calice remaining it may be dispersed by rubbing in a little of the following once a day: Iodine 1-16 oz., soap liniment 3 ozs. Watch the lump very carefully, and if it does not get well under the above treatment, call a veterinarian to examine it, to be sure that it is not of cancerous growth. You should also be sure that it is not poll evil.

Wart on Inside of Hind Leg.

J. W. G., Wisconsin: If the wart sticks out prominently, tie a mixed silk or linen thread tightly around it. It will eventually slough off, then apply castor oil two ounces, salt a teaspoonful, stir well and rub a little in twice a day. If you cannot tie a thread around it, wet twice a day for a week with carbolic acid one drachm, water 10 drachms. Then apply the castor oil and salt. The editor might give further advice if he had been told on what part of the inside of the leg the wart is located.

Were Subject to Fits.

J. F. Y., North Carolina: Your mare is subject to epilepsy. This may occur from softening of the brain, blows, water in the brain, tumors, violent derangement of the mucous system, worms, plethora and other causes. The animal shows no premonitory symptoms. All sudden stops, staggers, the muscles become cramped, and it falls in a spasm. The paroxyism soon passes off, and the animal gets on its feet in a few minutes after the attack. The attacks may come at short intervals, or they may not occur more than once or twice a year. There is no certain treatment, although sometimes a case will yield to treatment. Give no corn, if you can avoid it. Keep the bowels regular. If constipation appears, give a few bran mashes. Dash cold water on the head during the paroxysm. Give internally iodide of iron one drachm, pulverized nux vomica one drachm, pulverized scutellaria one ounce, mix and give once a day in feed for two weeks. If there is a recurrence of the disease after this treatment give one drachm oxide of zinc in the feed once a day for three weeks after the attack.

Destructive Ants.

F. M., Illinois: The editor does not know of anything that will rid a building of ants that destroy the wood. Perhaps some one of the readers of the Farmstead could answer this.

Young Mare with Blood Spavin.

W. W., Kansas: Blood spavin, so called, may be treated with a sweating blister, if treatment be deemed necessary. Take of bin-iodide of mercury 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs. Rub together until the two are thoroughly incorporated. Apply every evening; wash off in the morning with warm water and soap, and after drying the part re-apply. Keep this up for a week, and then heal with unsalted lard or vaseline. After this take two or three thicknesses of soft leather, fit them over the spavin, and bandage around the leg to hold the leather firmly. The animal should have at least four weeks' rest. When a spavin does not inconvenience the motion of the animal, many people do not resort to treatment. There are many advocates of cauterization when bone spavin developes, but in blood spavin it is better not to blemish the leg. Blood spavin occurs when the capsuls containing the synovia or joint oil of the true hock joint is unduly distended by the synovia, and a large vein called the saphena, becomes pressed upon and distended. There is no blood in blood spavin.

Mangy Hogs—Constipation.

S. C., West Virginia: For mange, first soap each animal well with soft soap. After it has been on an hour, wash off with warm water and dry animal well. Then apply flour of sulphur, 4 ozs.; oil of turpentine, 1 oz.; lard, 6ozs. Mix thoroughly and apply, leaving it on for three days; then wash the animal with warm water and soap and see that he is well dried. The amount of the above to be used must be in accordance with the number of hogs. Another remedy is: Flour, of sulphur, 2 lbs.; quick lime, 1 lb.; water, 2 gallons. Boil together, stirring continually until the ingredients are combined. Upon washing the animals with this, apply the soft soap. In the treatment of mange it is necessary to clear away all old bedding and give the animals plenty of fresh, changing it frequently, or there will be no use in trying to eradicate the mange. For the constipation, put 1 oz. of Epsom salts in soft feed (bran slops) for each animal. Do not feed heavily of corn for a week, and see that all their feed is sweet and unstained.

Cranberries.

J. B., Michigan: Cranberries thrive best in a damp soil, but they will grow on land that is of a swampy nature or has a top dressing of swamp earth. If the land absorbs rain readily and dries out quickly, you cannot certainly depend upon a crop. If the marsh holds rain well the crop will flourish. Cranberries should be flooded if possible. If your marsh is low and holds water well in suspense when there is rain, the berries should grow well. Some swamp land dries out almost as fast as the rain falls. This kind is not good. Get plants produced from layers of the last season, and set them out in rows about two feet apart. They will soon cover the ground with their runners. If you had told the editor the nature of your soil he would be better able to say whether you could successfully raise cranberries on it. If the soil holds water reasonably well, and is flooded in the spring by rains, you would no doubt be able to raise a good crop.

Swollen Leg in Mare.

W. H., Ohio: The swelling is no doubt the result of scratches. Give the mare 16 ozs. raw linseed oil in which there is stirred 1 oz. pulverized saltpetre, and give 1 oz. of the saltpetre in drinking water once a day for five days. Wash the leg from fetlock to heel with warm water and soap, and then dry thoroughly. If the skin is broken use this: Acetate of lead 1-4 oz., oxide of zinc 1-4 oz., lead 3 ozs. If the skin is not broken dip a muslin bandage in vinegar and wrap leg from nock to fetlock; over this wrap a dry bandage. The wrapping should be fairly tight. Once a day remove the wrappings and handrub the leg. Feed no corn, and if the animal is fat reduce her feed for a week. She must be kept in a clean, dry stall with fresh bedding free from urine. Exercise gently once or twice a day, when the roads are not muddy, for mud aggravates the disease.

Cough and Discharge from Nose.

I. N. W., Iowa: Your sheep are suffering from catarrh. Keep the sheep in a dry, warm place. Dry weather will not aggravate the disease, but they should not at any time be out when it is damp. Stewart recommends for the disease the rubbing on a small quantity of pine tar on the nose of each sheep, so that they may lick and swallow it. If there be any fever give epsom salts 1-2 oz., saltpetre 1 drachm, ground ginger 1 drachm. Mix this with molasses and place on the back of the tongue with a long, narrow wooden paddle. The animal's head should be held up until the whole is swallowed in repeated small quantities. Or the dose may be mixed with thin gruel and administered by means of a small horn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Egg Production—Different Fowls.

The editor has given study to different kinds of fowls, and has learned a few things that may be of interest to readers of The Blade. That in warm weather the egg production is increased is well known. On cold nights the combs of hens are liable to freeze, and if this occurs the hens will stop laying. Any severe chill to hens checks egg production. To be sure that hens will lay, they must be kept warm. The house in which they are kept must be of as even a temperature as possible, and it is better to have no ventilation at all than top ventilation, which causes a chill to fowls, and the result is roup, a disease from which but few fowls fully recover, and if the sick fowls are not at once removed from the others, roup is liable to spread through the entire flock. As to the best layers, the white Leghorn, perhaps, stands at the head. The Minorcas are also great layers, and many prefer them to the Leghorn fowl. Another good breed of layers is the crested Polish. The breeds named are not sufficiently heavy for market purposes, and there is objection to them on account of their flying propensities. The Black Spanish fowl is a good layer, but they are not as hardy as chicks as some of the other breeds. They are of fair size and are of fair weight. The American Dominique as an all-purpose bird is excellent. It has fine flesh, is a steady layer, and is of sufficient weight to meet the popular demand. The Plymouth Rock is a fine layer, larger than the Dominique, flesh of the best, and as a general purpose fowl stands very high. The Light Brahma, as a fair layer, is among the big breeds, flesh good, but not so fine as that of the Plymouth Rock. The Plymouth Rock shows the strong Dominique blood in its feathers, which are invariably flecked with the gray-white so characteristic of the Dominique. The Black Spanish blood is indicated by the dark feathers in the Plymouth Rock.

The Langshan is a good fowl. It is very large, a good layer, and of delicate flavor. A peculiarity of the flesh of this fowl is that it is like that of the turkey almost, and is the only fowl in the "chicken" family that has flesh of the turkey flavor. There was a craze over these fowls a few years ago, but there was objection to it on account of the dark pin feathers, which show prominently when the fowl is dressed. They are coming in favor again, and it is well that it is so, as it deserves a high place among fowls. The French Creve Coeurs are a good fowl, but they do not rank as high as the Plymouth Rock. The Dorking, a favorite English breed, does not stand so high in this country as some other kinds of fowls.

The Hamburgs, both black and spangled, are in great favor with many people, as they lay well, are of good market size, and are fine table fowl. The Wyandotte is a favorite bird, and very popular in many places. It is an excellent layer, of delicate flesh, and of a size that insures a ready sale. The Cochins are a fine fowl, large, of fair flesh, and lay well if not over-fed. The Houdan, a French fowl, is a good layer, and as a medium-sized fowl meets a wide demand. The Bantam fowl is a great layer. Its eggs are small, but it can be depended upon to furnish eggs in any kind of weather. The smallest breed of fowls is the Black African Bantam. The hens that lay white eggs are the Leghorns, Hamburgs, Polish, Houdans, Creve Coeurs and Black Spanish. The largest eggs are laid by the Black Spanish. Very dark eggs are laid by the Cochins and Brahmas. Medium dark eggs are laid by the Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Langshans, Games, Dominiques and their crosses. The Leghorns, Minorcas, Polish and Black Spanish are non-setters.

Beware of the Farm Pond.

Bowie, in English notes in the Country Gentleman, says: "Beware of the farm-pond!" is Prof. Wortley Axe's advice to our agriculturists. Very few, he thinks, realize the evil consequences resulting from these generally ill-conditioned stores of water, though they are often little better than plague spots, and thousands of young animals die every year from parasitic infection incurred by drinking from them. It has fallen to our lot, says Mr. Axe, to see many valuable studs and flocks curtailed from this source, and he gives practical directions for protecting these valuable adjuncts of the farm from becoming polluted.

Listen to the Prudent Advice which urges you to the immediate treatment of that Rasping Cough by the use of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, the best of medicines for Coughs and Colds, and an approved stand-by for all Pulmonary troubles and Throat-ills.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

It Was the Corporal's Fault.

Editor Camp Fire:—While stationed at Lamars, Miss., in the spring of 1862, a comrade and myself, under command of a corporal, were sent out to feel for the enemy, the corporal receiving orders to use his judgment in regard to the distance, and not to venture out too far. After going a short distance the corporal in some way managed to secure a canteen filled with whisky, which he at once sampled and pronounced to be good. Then he passed it around, we partaking of it very sparingly. The corporal although a good soldier was somewhat addicted to its use. So I realized the danger that would be likely to result from the effects produced by the whisky. He gradually increased his speed as the liquor took effect upon him. I will not describe what occurred during our side of about eight miles, but will just say that long before we halted the other fellow had wheeled his horse about and had gone back to camp.

Notwithstanding I was under the corporal's orders, I repeatedly told him that we had gone too far, but to no effect. I finally told him that there was a limit to all things in this world, and demanded him to stop, which he did. We were now near a planter's house, which consisted of two buildings, having a space of several feet between them, the building being connected by a plank ,which was several feet from the ground. It was now dusk, so we dismounted, tied our tired horses to a rail, and entered the house. The corporal ordered supper for three, I think he had not yet missed the other man.

Supper being nearly ready, we sat down to the table with the rest of the household. Then came the colored servant girl to wait on the table. This greatly enraged the corporal, so he grasped a tray filled with bottles and threw it at her, just missing her head, saying at the same time that he didn't want that kind of style around him. I apologized to the good people as best I could, telling them that he was intoxicated. After supper the corporal wished to retire for the night. While we were being conveyed over to the other apartment, the corporal lost his balance, and went head first down between the two buildings.

After making several fruitless attempts to extricate him from his uncomfortable position, I finally succeeded in pulling him out by main strength. After entering the bed chamber the corporal made an investigation by drawing his saber and thrusting it in the feather tick; then plunged in with boots and spurs. And oh! how the feathers did fly! I slept but little during the night, and felt certain that if we were lucky enough to escape that our horses would at least be stolen. So a short time before daylight I sprang out of bed, and after pulling the corporal out head first we started out to where we had tied our horses the night before, little thinking that they would be there.

In this we were agreeably disappointed, as they were still there. I did feel sorry for the poor animals for this was the first time that I had so shamefully neglected my faithful horse. I also felt ashamed of the corporal's conduct at the supper table, and at the condition of the father bed, for whether Union or Confederate they should have been treated with far more respect; but, oh horrors! what a sight to behold! I think our appearance just then would have paralyzed the nerve of Gen. Grant. We moved along through the dim twilight, all feathered, especially the corporal. Some time during the night I think the enemy had moved their picket lines farther in the direction of our camp. And we were now inside their lines. We had not gone far when I beheld a light burning dimly a short distance in front of us. We halted. I spoke to the corporal and pointed in the direction of the light.

Then came a brief interval, in which neither of us spoke, as we took in the situation. We could now also see the picket reclining against a tree, not far from the smouldering fire. He had either fallen asleep or fainted dead away immediately after beholding us. Our first thought was to charge through our lines and take our chances, but after more due consideration we decided to take a circuitous route, and come in on the other side of them, which we did successfully. We arrived in camp in time for breakfast. You will readily see that our trouble was directly traceable to the effects produced from the canteen of whisky.—J. B. Stouffer, Co. L, 2d Mich. Cav.

A Comrade's Sermon.

Editor Camp Fire:—By your permission, I will take a seat by the log blaze, while I call the attention of the comrades to one thing which I think they have forgotten in these days. I remember in 1861, when I first donned the blue, almost all the boys had a book on whose back in gold letters were printed the words "New Testament." While I will not insinuate that the boys read them much, even in the early days, I think most of them did read some. And I remember that in mine I found such passages as the following: "Men do not gather figs from thistles," and that you should not expect "pure water from an impure fountain." Boys, how many of you take time to think of these injunctions when you complain of the actions of Cleveland, Hoke Smith & Co., in talking away your pensions, or Gevlin as a friend of dead-beats, etc. Do you not know, or have you forgotten, that they are the heirs and assigns of the party who caused you to meander through that Sunny Southland until you met the deadly bullet or the worse miasmatic fever, which shattered your health, and left you a premature wreck?

Remember the Scriptural injunction, and do not look for figs on the Democratic thistle, for you will not find any. And it is folly to expect pure water from such a fountain. It is a dead certain thing that the present administration has no room for the boys who wore the blue.

Some will say there are some friends among that party—"look at Cummings, of New York." Admit that he is one; see the other hundreds who are not! I fully believe there is no one so bad that there is not a trace of good somewhere in them. And there is no fountain of water but what would, if properly filtered, yield some pure water; but why fill up on the bad for the small streak of good?

I see by the little tag on my Blade that she will continue to visit me until December, 1895. And I have no notion of letting it cease after that. Come, boys, keep the Camp Fire burning, for of all the good things in The Blade, it is one of the best.—Dan T. Edwards, Co. A, 6th Ills. Vol. Cav.

Got the Colonel's Turkey.

Editor Camp Fire:—Seeing the fire is getting rather low, I thought I would gather some of Hoke Smith's pension shavings and some of those miserable pension decisions and mixing it up with some of the oil of secesh, replenish the fire, thinking it would give a splendid light.

I enlisted for the war in '61 in the 12th Wisconsin and took my first military lessons in Madisonian Camp Randall and in due time found myself on my way to rebeldom.

After many long, tedious marches through Kansas, our regiment found its way to Fort Leavenworth. There we got aboard a big fleet bound for Dixey. We landed at Cairo, Ill., going from there to Columbus, Ky. Then we commenced our long, winding marches through Kentucky, and Tennessee, without seeing any of the Johnnies, and went into camp at Humboldt.

Here I will relate an incident that took place between the boys and the colonel. We fared very well for a time as there had been no jay hawkers there, and we began to think we had got to the promised land where milk and honey flowed; and to our delight, there the fattened calf and mutton lay at the mercy of what the rebs called Lincoln's hirelings and mercenaries. One day a few of us ran the guard to jay hawk a little of what might come in our way. Not far from the camp we came to a large plantation with plenty of chickens and turkeys and one large gobbler. We soon captured him and brought him into camp as a spy. After a trial before a drum head court martial he was found guilty and sentenced to be delivered into the hands of the cook, and there he boiled and roasted for the colonel's breakfast the next morning. When the cook had placed him on the colonel's table a superior officer called the colonel out for a few moments' talk.

While he was out the prisoner escaped. A big search was made but no trace of him could be found. Then the fun began. If any one could swear by wholesale, the air was blue, and he was ready to have the whole regiment court martialed. But it was only a good natured swear and so it passed for that day. The next morning the colonel found something on his table covered with a white cloth. Raising the cloth he found a big quarter of mutton and exclaimed: "I don't see what it is— and d— the thieves won't steal yet!"

So he feasted on his mutton and was content. The writer well knew where that gobbler was and helped dissect him. Afterwards the colonel would have a hearty laugh over it as a great joke.—Israel E. Munger, Co. I, 12th Wis. Vol.

Price in Missouri.

Comrade G. R. D. writes, in reply to Comrade Barnard, on Blunt's fight with Price. He says there was a half-day's running fight. Blunt had 2,500 men. Price was between two commands, but only one fought him. At Independence, the 2d Mo. L. H. Cav. were in front as skirmishers, and silenced the battery. Comrade Barnard's command took the two guns after the above command had endured them. Blunt did the fighting that day. Comrade D. goes on:

What have you to say about California, Mo? Who took those two guns at the Big Blue. I can tell you —a small drummer boy, perhaps 15 years old. I want you to recollect that the 2d Mo. L. H. Cav. led the charge, with only two companies. Merrell and Sergt. Gregory were the two front men in those charges. We were both wounded in the third charge. Now, I don't think that you were in sight nor in hearing of the guns but a small part of your time."

How the Rebs Got Away.

Editor Camp Fire:—I wish to make a statement of a few facts coming under my immediate notice, and which I know to be facts. Some time after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh as it was called by the rebels, which took place April 6 and 7, 1862, and during the siege of Corinth, it was our custom at our headquarters every evening to take our camp stools what few we had, and sit out in front and discuss the war, and the great impending battle which we were looking for every day, and which we believed we would bring peace, so that we could go home in a very short time thereafter, but oh, what a mistaken idea! We had gotten within two or three miles of Corinth, and could hear distinctly the cars running back and forth all night long. On this particular evening, 27th or 28th day of May, there seemed to be more stir and more noise by the railroad than we had ever noticed before, and it became the subject of conversation among us. Some one of the crowd remarked that they were doing considerable freighting tonight, or they are trying to frighten us, making us believe that they are receiving large reinforcements. We had on this occasion a larger number of visitors than usual, and several of our boys had given up their stools to our visitors, and were standing up. One of our visitors was a young man. I would think about 22 years old, and a very bright young fellow, whose name and regiment I knew at the time, but have endirely forgotten it. I, with one or two others, noticed him step off to one side a short distance from the crowd, and in a very short time he said: "Boys, be quiet a moment; I believe I can read what that whistle says."

Of course, we all became perfectly still. All the engines seemed to be blowing at the time, but there was one in particular which blew just as I have heard many a time for stock when on the track. Within ten or fifteen minutes after telling us to be still, he slapped his hand on his leg, and said:

"By George, they are evacuating. Now listen," he said. The same engine which kept up such an awful tooting began again, and as soon as it came to a full stop, he said:

"Yes, sir; it says they are evacuating. Attack their right, and you have them." He was very enthusiastic about the matter, and said he would stake his life on that being just what that whistle said. He had been almost raised in a telegraph office, and said he had not used receiving paper for a long time.

His colonel, with three or four others went with him to division headquarters (Gen. Judge's), and from there they went to Gen. H. W. Halleck's headquarters,

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE TELLS THE STORY OF GREAT VALUE.

Like Religion Is the Ruby Which Shines Brightest After Night—Two Death Scenes Pictured.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached on "Rubies Surpassed," and the text, Proverbs xiii. 11: "Wisdom is better than rubies."

You have all seen the precious stone commonly called the ruby. It is of deep red color. The Bible makes much of it. It glowed in the first row of the high priest's breast plate. Under another name it stood in the wall of heaven. Jeremiah compares the ruddy cheeck of the Nazarites to the ruby. Ezekiel points it out in the robes of the King of Tyre. Four times does Solomon use it as a symbol by which to extol wisdom, or religion, always setting its value as better than rubies.

But it is impossible to compare two things together unless there are some points of similarity as well as of difference. I am glad there is nothing lacking here. The ruby is more beautiful in the night and under the lamplight than by day. It is preferred for evening adornment. How the rubies glow, and burn, and flash as the lights lift the darkness! Catherine of Arragon had on her finger a ruby that fairly lanterned the night. Sir John Mandeville, the celebrated traveler of four hundred years ago, said that the emperor of China had a ruby that made the night as bright as the day. The probability is that Solomon, under some of the lamps that illuminated the cedar palance by night, noticed the peculiar glow of the ruby as it looked in the hilt of a sword, or hung in some fold of the upholstery, or beautified the lip of some chalice, while he was thinking at the same time of the excellency of our holy religion as chiefly seen in the night of trouble, and he cries out, "Wisdom is better than rubies."

Oh, yes it is a good thing to have religion while the sun of prosperity rides high and everything is brilliant in fortune, in health, in worldly favor. You can at such times hardly tell how much of it is the grace of God. But let the sun set, and the shadows avalanche the plain, and the thick darkness of sickness, or poverty, or persecution, or mental exhaustion fill the soul, and fill the house, and fill the world, then you sit down by the lamp of God's word and under its light the consolations of the gospel come out; the peace of God which passeth all understanding appears. You never fully appreciated their power until in the deep night of trouble the divine lamp revealed their exquisiteness. Pearls and amethysts for the day, but rubies for the night.

All the books of the Bible attempt in some way the assuagement of misfortune. Of the one hundred and fifty Psalms of David at least ninety allude to trouble. There are sighings in every wind, and tears in every brook, and pangs in every heart. It was originally proposed to call the President's residence in Washington the "White palace," "The Executive Mansion," but after it was destroyed in the war of 1814 and rebuilt it was painted white to cover up the marks of the smoke and fire that had blackened the stone walls. Hence it was called "the White House." Most of the things now white with attractiveness were once black with disaster. What the world most needs is the consolatory, and here it comes, our holy religion, with both hands full of anodynes, and sedatives, and balsams, as in Daniel's time, to stop mouths of lions as in Shadrach's time, to cool blast furnaces; as in Ezekiel's time, to console captivity; as in St. John's time, to unroll an apocalypse over rocky desolations. Hear its soothing voice as it declares: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my loving kindness shall not depart from you." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The most wholesome thing on earth is trouble if met in the Christian spirit. To make Paul what he was it took shipwreck, and whipping on the bare back and penitentiary, and pursuit of wild mobs, and the sword of decapitation. To make David what he was it took all that Ahithopel and Saul and Absolem and Goliath and all the Philistine hosts could do against him. It took Robert Chambers's malformation of body to make him the literary conqueror. It was bereavement that brought William Haworth of Wesley's time from wickedness to evangelism that won many thousands for heaven. The world would never have known what heroic stuff Ridley was made of had not the fires been kindled around his feet, and, not liking their slow work, he cried: "I can not burn; let the fire come to me; I can not burn." Thank God that there are gems that unfold their best glories under the temp light! Thank God for the ruby!

Dr. Talmage then pictured two death scenes. In one there were many rubies and no religion or wisdom of the future.

Another room of mortal ease. Religion and no rubies. She never had money enough to buy one of these exquisites. Sometimes she stopped at a jeweler's show window and saw a row of them in arranging the velvet. She had keen taste enough to appreciate those gems, but she never owned one of them. She was not jealous or unhappy because others had rubies while she had none. But she had a richer treasure, the grace of God that had comforted her along the way amid bereavements, and temptations, and persecutions, and sicknesses, and privations, and trials of all sorts. Now she is going out of life.

The room is bright, not with pictures or statues, not with upholstery, not with any of the gems of mountain or of sea, but there is a strange and vivid glow in the room; not the light of chandelier or star, or noon-day sun, but something that outshines all of them. It must be the presence of supernaturals. From their illumined face I think she must hear sweet voices. Yes, she does hear sweet voices—voices of departed kindred; voices apostolic and prophetic, and evangelic, but all of them overpowered by the voice of Christ, saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom." From her illumined face I think she must hear rapturous music. Yea, she does hear rapturous music, now soft as solos, now thunderous as orchestras; now a saintly voice alone, now the hundred and forty and four thousand in concert. From her illumined face, I think she must breathe redolence. Yea, she does inhale aroma from off the gardens whose flowers never wither, and from banks of orchards, every tree of which bears twelve manner of fruit. From her illumined face I thing she must see a glorious sight. Yes, she sees the wall that has jasper at the base, and amethyst at the top, and blood-red rubies between. Good-bye, sweet soul! Why should you longer stay! Your work all done; your burdens all carried; your tears all wept! Forward into the light! Up into the joy! Out into the grandeurs! And after you have saluted Christ, and your kindred, search out him of the palaces of Lebanon cedar, and tell him that you have found to be gloriously true what thousands of years ago he asserted in this morning's text: "Wisdom is better than rubies." In those burnished places of our God may we all meet. For I confess to you that my chief desire for heaven is not the radiance, or to take the suggestion of the text, not the rubescence of the scene. My one idea of heaven is the place to meet old friends. God our best friend, and all our earthly friends already transported.

Ayo! to meet the millions whom I have never seen, but to whom I have administered in the gospel week by week through journalism on both sides of the sea, and throughout Christendom, and through many lands yet semi-barbaric. For the past twenty-three years every blast of injustice against me has multiplied my readers all the world over, and the present malignancy printed and uttered because our church is in financial struggle after having two great structures destroyed by fire, and me compelled to build three large churches—I say the present outrageous injustice in some quarters, will multiply my audience in all lands if I can keep in good humor and not fight back. A gentleman tapped me on the shoulder summer before last on a street of Edinburgh, Scotland, and said: "I live in the Shetland Islands, North Scotland, and I read your sermons every Sabbath to an audience of neighbors, and my brother lives in Cape Town, South Africa, and he reads them every Sabbath to an audience of his neighbors." And I hear and now say to the forty millions of the earth to whose eyes these words will come, that one of my dearest anticipations is to meet them in heaven. Ah! that will be better than rubies. Coming up from different continents, from different hemispheres, from opposite sides of the earth to greet each other in holy love in the presence of the glorious Christ who made it possible for us to get there. Our sins all pardoned, our sorrows all banished, never to weep, never to part, never to die! I tell you that it will be better than rubies. Others may have the crowns and the thrones and the scepters; give us our old friends back again, Christ, "the friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and all the kindred who have gone up from our bereft households, and all our friends whom we have never yet seen, and you may have all the rubies, for that will be "better than rubies." Instead of the dying kiss when they look so pale and wan and sick, it will be the kiss of welcome on lips jubilant with song, while standing on floors paved with what exquisiteness, under ceilings hung with what glory, bounded by walls facing us with what splendor, amid gladness rolling over us with what doxology. Far better, infinitely better, everlastingly better than rubies.

Nearing the Grave.

In old age infirmaties and weakness hasten to close the gap between us and the grave. Happily scientific research and pharmacal skill have allied themselves in furnishing us reliable means of ameliorating the ailments incident to declining years, and of renewing waning physical energy. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a widely compreh-nsive remedy in disease, and an inestimable blessing to the elderly, the feeble and convalescent. Rheumatic ailments, trouble with the kidneys and lumbago are among the more common ailments of the aged. These are effectually counteracted by the Bitters, which is likewise a prevention and and curative of malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. It is highly promotive of appetite, sleep and the acquisition of vigor.

LOTTIE COLLINS'S ILL LUCK.

"Dead Cold Frost" in San Francisco and She Gets Mad.

And now it is Lottie Collins who will go out into the world and say that San Francisco is a "jay town." She will join Blanche Walsh, James J. Corbett, Lillian Russell and other theatrical people in telling of this city's lack of culture and artistic appreciation, for Lottie is the last to meet that "dead cold frost."

Miss Collins believes in Lottie and doesn't care who knows it. But, unfortunately, San Francisco has not taken fair at her own estimate. That she hasn't been a success would be a kindly way to put it. And isn't Miss Lottie angry? She's so angry she can't keep from boiling over and spilling some of her wrath on the populace, says a San Francisco dispatch.

Miss Collins is a dancer, but San Francisco, in its blind, Western way, has decided that she can't dance a little bit. She came to California expecting bouquets and diamonds, as well as thunders of applause, and an opening was made Monday night at the California Theater.

There was no thunder of applause when Miss Collins appeared. The women said her voice was thin, and the men asserted that her legs were thinner. The first night Miss Collins fell rather flat. The second night people yawned during her act, and voted her tiresome. Last night the "gods" in the gallery began to guy her. This is the last stage of disfavor, and marks the depths of disapproval. It was too much for the Collins temper, and the people at the California Theater were shocked and startled at the young lady's behavior.

During her musical sketch, "A Naughty Substitute," and while she talked and sang and danced, the "house" grew stirred, and the gallery sent down its guying hoots and cries. "Wo-o-o," sang out one, as if suppressing a yawn. The people haughed. Miss Collins paused. Her face grew pale, and her features set themselves as if with a snap. The wait became painful. Women clutched the arms of their escorts in nervous apprehension that something was about to happen. A few cat-calls floated down from the gallery. Then Miss Collins stepped down to the footlights, and, as if shaking her fist in the face of the audience, said with a hiss:

"Any bloke in the audience that don't like my act can go to the box-office and get his money back, he can."

The people were amazed and angered. Many rose and left the theater. Miss Collins glared and then went on with her unappreciated "act." Everybody felt uncomfortable and most wished they had stayed away.

Then the angered woman introduced "Ta-ra-ra," but apologized for it as a "back number." She got no applause.

After Miss Collins had left the stage her temper cooled somewhat.

"Is it possible that you are to join with Lillian Russell, Corbett, Blanche Walsh 'Senator' Crane and others in condemning us of the far West as a people utterly lacking in culture?" was the first question.

"Oh, dear, no," the lady replied, "not for a moment. I would not have that impression get out for worlds. All the papers have not been kind, but I never had an audience I would rather work for than the one at the California Theater this evening. I shall have nothing but kind words to say of the people out here."

"But you found it necessary to make a speech this evening."

"Oh, I would not call that a speech. Perhaps it was not artistic, but I am erratic and felt as though I must interfere with a fellow in the gallery who was spoiling the points of the performance. And I put a stop to it. In England such a thing would not be allowed for a moment. Every theater there has a 'chucker-out,' who is to see that order is to be preserved. If a person does not behave himself, out he goes. I assure you all that I said was meant for that one person, and no other in the theater, and there is not any occasion for any person to believe that I am condemning San Francisco audiences. I have been here before, you know, four years ago. Of course, then I was not what I am now, but I know the people."

It Will be a Grand Wedding.

At the wedding of the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Victoria Melica of Coburg, it is settled that the Queen, the German Emperor, the Empress Frederick, the Prince of Wales and several members of the royal family are to be present, and the Russian imperial family will be represented by the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses Serge and Vladimir. The marriage, which will be after the Lutheran form, is to be a function of great state, and it is probable that the Lord Chamberlain and several members of the household will go to Coburg to be in attendance on the Queen on the occasion.

Don't make two bites at a cherry. What's the use of taking one thing for coarse, and another for fine, washing. Pearline will do it all. For washing woodwork, tinware, silver, marble, glass, dishes, carpets, or anything you can think of, Pearline is the best. It saves not only work, but wear. Let it help you in all these ways. You musn't think that the easy washing of clothes is all that Pearline is made for. 423

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The Silver Dollar.

D. R. W., Salem Centre, Ind., asks: "In your answer to U. M. H., Over, Neb., in Question Bureau of Blade, February 1, you say that 'the standard silver dollar is a legal tender in any amount;' and in answering the next question below, you say that 'silver was demonetized in 1878 and remains so.' Webster says to demonetize is to deprive of value or to withdraw from use as currency. How can silver be demonetized and remain a legal tender?"

We are obliged to you for calling attention to a typographical error. In the second answer you quote, we wrote: "Silver was remonetized in 1878, and remains so." The coinage of the silver dollar was stopped by the act of 1873, but that act did not alter the legal tender quality of the silver dollars in existence. These, however, were very few. In 1874 an act was passed making all silver coins a legal tender for $5 and less, and this, of course, included all dollars in circulation. The full legal tender power of the silver dollar was restored by the Bland act of 1878. We have published these facts so often that we are weary of the repetition.

About Greenbacks.

J. W. R., Manhattan, Kan., asks: "Did the secretary of the Treasury in 1879, or at any other time, order the custom-house officials to receive greenbacks in payment for custom-house duties? and if so, was the said act the cause of greenbacks being at par?"

Custom-house dues are payable in gold, or its equivalent. When greenbacks were below par, as they were from the time of their issue up to the resumption of specie payments, they were, of course, not equivalent to gold. After the resumption law went into effect (on January 1, 1878), and the Treasury had, as a result of the law of 1875, then $100,000,000 in gold in reserve in the Treasury for their redemption, greenbacks were then equivalent to gold, and have been since accepted in payment of duties. National bank notes, gold certificates and Treasury notes of 1890 are also received, because they are equivalent to gold. The cause of greenbacks being at par was the ability of the government to redeem them in gold on demand.

The Flood.

J. P. Whitney, W. Va., asks: "When the Flood was upon the earth, did it cover the whole earth, or only the part of it inhabited at that time?"

That is a question upon which the learning of the ages has exhausted itself without result. There is no way of deciding it conclusively. The tendency of opinion among the religious world is to consider the Flood as only partial; the tendency of science is to reject the entire story. Accepting the fact that there was a flood, it could not have been universal, as the ark would not contain anything like one pair of all animals on the world, while it might those of that particular locality. Again, each continent, and often parts of continents, have animals found nowhere else in the world, and even where they belong to the same kind, the varieties are entirely different. The language of Genesis does not compel us to believe that the Flood covered the entire globe.

The "Trinity Church" Fraud.

C. A. R., Rodney, Mich., has evidently not been a subscriber to The Blade very long, or he would recall our exposure of the old, old lie about Trinity church, New York. He asks:

"Kindly inform me the particulars regarding the Trinity church estate of New York. If it has been settled, or if still in the courts."

There is no suit pending there never has been any suit, the title of Trinity church corporation to the property it holds is without legal flaw. We had supposed the scoundrels who several years ago worked this "claim" for all it was worth, and gulled thousands of confiding people out of money, had been so thoroughly exposed that they had dropped it; but we infer from the above that they are still at it.

Storage Batteries.

W. H. B., Nelson, Neb.: Electricity can be "stored" in what are known as storage batteries. These are connected with a dynamo. The current causes chemical changes, and is run in until these changes are complete. Then when the battery is put in circuit—that is, connected with electric lights, for instance—the reverse chemical changes occur, with the evolution of an electric current. They are used to some extent, but there is a large loss of electrical power as compared with the use of a dynamo. Street cars can be run by storage batteries, but it is much more costly than by the trolley system. The launches in the lagoon at the World's Fair were all run by storage batteries, and their use to run small pleasure boats is extending.

A Majority of the House.

H. M. W., Laconia, N. H.: "There are 356 members of the House of Representatives—127 Republicans, 218 Democrats, and 11 Populists; necessary for a majority, 179. With those figures, how do they get 100 majority?"

If every member of the House were present, and a measure were put to a vote it would require 179 votes to make a majority. But the whole membership is practically never present. The constitution, article 1, section 5, says a majority shall constitute a quorum to do business. Hence, if 179 members are present, the House can do business. One more than half of those present is hence, the votes can pass a measure; hence, the votes can pass a bill, but that is the lowest possible number.

A Vague Question.

C. E. T., Fostoria, O., asks: "What is the total indebtedness of the United States to foreign countries and what the total amount of interest paid annually on the indebtedness?"

Do you mean United States bonds held abroad, or the stocks and bonds of railroads, banks, manufactories, and other corporations held abroad, or both? You should make your question exact. Please do so, and send your full name if you expect an answer. Read the Rules above.

Washington Monument.

G. W. F., Hudson, Neb.: The Washington monument is the tallest shaft of masonry in the world, being 597 feet 3 inches above the mean low-water level of the Potomac. It was begun in 1848 by the Monument Society. Work was suspended on it in 1856. In 1877, the society conveyed it to the United States government. Work was begun again in 1878, and it was completed December 4, 1884.

An Ex-Confederate.

D. R. R., Groupe, Kan., writes: "I am told that an ex-Confederate soldier living near here was refused a vote at last November's election. How about it?"

Go to the men who were refused and inquire, first, if the man was refused a vote; second, why he was refused. How can we tell anything about it?

Old Coins.

W. E., Jefferson, Mich.: The silver 50 cent piece of 1836 is worth five dollars.

H. J. M. D., Apopka, Fla.: There is no premium on the silver dime of 1829.

J. S., Dalton, Ga.: There is no premium on any issue of greenbacks, that we are aware of.

Platform of 1864.

We are obliged to several correspondents who answer an inquiry concerning the Democratic platform of 1864, that it can be found in Greeley's "American Conflict," vol. 2, page 668.

Miscellaneous.

Cyprian, Unionville, O.: We don't know. Ask a Catholic priest.

J. E. D., Quincy, Ind.: See editorial on the federal elections law in this paper, 4th page.

J. F. W., Paradise, Mo.: We do not know, as there is no manufacture of that machinery here.

R. F. J., Grapevine, Tex.: We do not know. We haven't it, and have not space to reprint it if we had a copy.

W. B. C., Bonanza, Wyo.: Address an inquiry to "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C."

U. G. Y., Peach Tree, N. C.: Buy a new lamp, and throw the old one away. There is no satisfactory way of mending it.

J. B. J., Bad Axe, Mich.: Your question about the silver seigniorage is discussed in the editorial columns this week. Look for the article on page 4.

W. A. R., Carlos, W. Va.: The amount of exercise needed by persons of sedentary occupations varies with the age, habits of life, food, and nature of occupation. It is impossible to give a rule. Consult a doctor.

H. C. G., Shinn, Ill.: You can not expect us to know the provisions of the tax laws of all the 44 states in the Union. Ask any lawyer, or justice of the peace, or county treasurer.

O. P. R., Marengo, Ill.: Tariff bills are too long to publish entire. The McKinley law would make about three and a half pages the size of those of The Blade, and the Wilson bill is nearly as long.

J. H. Y., Hildreth, Neb.: None of the colleges you name will undertake to give a young man an education, to be repaid afterward, or to be paid, wholly or in part, by services rendered at the time.

J. W. G., Eckert, Colo.: Quite a number of churches do not object to dancing by their members. The Protestant Episcopal is one of those. The Methodist Episcopal discipline prohibits dancing, but in many cities this rule is not observed.

V. A. C., Circleville, O.: The identity of "Jack the Ripper" was never discovered. He murdered nearly a dozen victims we believe. He was undoubtedly the victim of some erotic mania, about which any intelligent physician can give you details not suited for publication.

WESTERN UNION ENVELOPES.

The Enormous Amount Used Annually by the Company.

"How many envelopes do you suppose a concern like the Western Union Telegraph company uses in one year?" said E. A. Day, vice president of the W. H. Hill Envelope company, of Worcester, Mass., to a Washington Post man. "You haven't an idea? One hundred million. Try big contract, isn't it?—so big that no one envelope manufacturer wants to take it alone, and it is divided among four or five concerns.

"The profits on envelopes have been cut all to pieces in the last few years. Where we used to get, for instance, $1.30 per 1,000 for a certain grade of envelopes, we now get 76 cents, and have to pay the freight ourselves. The wonderful improvement in the machinery used in their manufacture in a measure compensates for this reduction. In our factory we have machinery that turns out 70,000 envelopes a day. But competition is exceedingly close, and we must have enormous orders to justify our continuance in the business."

BABY'S NEW HOOD.

The hood which adorns the fashionable baby's head is considered almost as important as its mamma's best bonnet, which is saying much for the baby's cap. Very small children wear caps entirely of white. After the age of two is reached a delicate color is permissible.

Here is the latest novelty in babies' caps. It's made of pale blue bengaline, shirred to fit the head closely. The cap is trimmed with swansdown and the silk is arranged in a plaited poke in front, very becoming to the baby face. The ties are of bengaline, with erect ends. The tie-strings are wider than usual, and are hemstitched.

Peculiar to Itself.

So eminently successful has Hood's Sarsaparilla been that many leading editors all over the United States furnish testimonials of cures which seem almost miraculous. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not an accident, but the ripe fruit of industry and study. It possesses merit "peculiar to itself."

Hood's Pills cure Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

THE TROMBONE PLAYER.

A Girl Plays Him False, but He Gets Even With Her.

CHAPTER I.

When the trombone player left the home of the girl he loved, he was embittered.

The world was darkness to him. Children frolicked among the ash barrels. Women conversed gayly with and about each other. Strong men gazed into each others faces and borrowed fire with cigars.

But the trombone player muttered, and upon his bloodless lips there were only words of hate.

"False!" he hissed.

Turning upon his heel, he walked away.

CHAPETR II.

"Frederick," she persisted, I'm afraid."

She shivered.

"Nonsense," rejoined he upon whose vest her head reposed. 'He is a coward. Forget him."

Yet a sigh fluttered her bosom, and all the evening while they talked of the future and of love her mind was with the suitor whom she had rejected, and his terrible look haunted her.

"I am frightened," she whispered.

"Fear not," he answered, and kissed her.

But at night she started affrightedly from her sleep and seemed to see sinister eyes and to hear curses.

CHAPTER III.

They were in the $1.50 seats, and her heart was light. Her eyes sparkled with joy, and he was glad to see her happy.

Suddenly she clutched his arm.

"Look!" she cried in startling tones.

The orchestra was entering.

Her glance was rivited upon the trombone player.

"Frederick!"

"Darling."

"Let us go home."

"No, dearest. Am I not with you?"

Gradually she grew calmer.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the overture to the last act.

Great waves of sound, and especially from the trombone, rose from the orchestra and swept through the theater.

Without an instant's warning the tune changed and the music grew soft.

"Is I my sweet pesbus lovey's pitty icky sing?"

The world heard it.

The trombone player's pale face was lighted by a sardonic smile. He felt that the director was glaring angrily at him. He conjectured that he would lose his job. But he was content.

Vengeance was his.—Truth.

A Fairy Tale of Science.

Sir Robert Bell, in one of his popular addresses, described the diamond as consisting of an enormous number of separate molecules, swinging to and from among themselves at a rate of several millions of vibrations a second, all in action together, and quivering with sudden shocks of impact. If we had a microscope which would magnify a million times, we might be able to see this action; all we can do at present is to believe it. The cause of the diamond's extreme hardness and impenetrability is that, when a steel point is pressed against it, the active molecules batter that point with such vehemence and rapidity that it cannot get beneath the crystalline surface. In cutting glass the molecules of the diamond drive the molecules of the glass before them, or mow them down like a mitrailleuse.

Not for Him.

Turnpike Walker—Say, Willie, how would you like to be in Congress?

Willie Work—Not at all, Brother Walker. The first thing I'd know I'd be working on the tariff like the rest of them.—Detroit Free Press.

Strange.

Strangely, the street car traveler is most shocked when the electric current is gone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOME BATHS FOR THE POOR.

The Humblest Japan Farmer Can Have His Tubbing Every Day.

One of the marked differences between the tillers of the soil in Japan and the peasantry of other countries is the superior cleanliness of the former. Travelers have frequently remarked upon the fact, but it remained for a correspondent of the Boston Herald to discover the cause for this superiority of the Japanese farmer over his brethren of the occident. The Jap is addicted to his tub.

WOODEN BATH TUB WITH FURNACE.

'Even the poorest houses," writes this correspondent, "have their bath tubs, which are provided with a simple and inexpensive apparatus for heating the water. It would be a great benefaction to introduce this convenience into our agricultural districts, where anything like a bath-tub is almost unheard of. I cannot think of any greater benefit I could confer on my beloved country than the introduction of a cheap and convenient bath tub for country houses, in which the good deacons could have a thorough soaking before attending meetings in aid of foreign missions among the heathen, and so sound cleanliness next to godliness. The simplest of these bath-tubs are round, about as large as the half-hogsheads in which our New England farmers scald their hogs, and made perfectly smooth inside. Another form, more convenient, is oval. In the lower half of one end an iron or brass pot is inserted, and extends inside the tub. In this a wood or charcoal fire is made. The pot inside the tub is covered with wood, making a convenient seat. A tub of this form four feet long and two and one-half feet wide would be roomy enough for a person of average size. A vent at the bottom lets off the water. Such a tub complete sells here for from $2 to $6. It ought to be feasible to sell them for $5 to $10 in our country. The man who puts this idea into execution will deserve the Rumford medal.

AN EXCELLENT NERVE TONIC, Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. H. E. LINDSAY, Whitewater, Wis., says: "I have prescribed it with excellent results in dyspeptic and nervous troubles and consider it an excellent nerve and general tonic."

AHEAD OF THE GAME.

How an Easy Conscience Girl Saved Her Luck at Poker.

"It was just this way," said the girl with the red gloves. "Jim and Jen came over to the house last night, and then Maud dropped in, and so did Charley and Will. We began to play cards, and after a while at whist and euchre we just naturally drifted into poker.

"Jim was banker. We didn't start with a big game—penny ante and ten cent limit, I think it was. We played along and Jen, Maud and Charley were getting all the money. I didn't know how it was, but I couldn't get anything higher than a pair of sixes, if I was to die for it. I had a little money with me, and I soon lost that and ated the greater part of it away without getting more than one or two small pots.

"Pretty soon somebody suggested that we raise the limit, and it was put at a quarter, with a five-cent ante. Jim began to win then, and I sat there and saw the money I intended to get that new cape with go into the corner of the table and none of it come back. This sort of thing went along—until I got sick and disgusted, and I proposed that we make the limit fifty cents.

"Why-e-e-e!" broke in the other girl. "That was gambling."

"Gambling?" said the girl with the red gloves. "I should think it was. But, as I was saying, my luck kept getting worse and poorer until it came my deal one hand, and I found that I had drawn in a six, seven, eight and nine of diamonds, with another seven of clubs. I threw away the black sevens and made up my mind to draw for a straight or a flush. The people threw the cards they discarded right in front of me and it happened that a lot of them got on top of my pack. Of course, I had to take them off so that I could deal cards to those who were going to play, and as I did so I saw that the first card on that pack was the ten of diamonds.

"Then I was in a quandary. I knew that if I could get that card I would have a straight flush, and that I would be sure to beat anybody round the table. I knew that luckiness were greatly against my getting the five of diamonds, and, while a straight of a flush of the common kinds were within the bounds of possibility, it would do much with either one. I looked at my chips and saw that I had a lot of money invested. Then I made up my mind to get that ten of diamonds, and I got it."

"Why-e-e-e!" said the other girl. "That was cheating!"

"Nobody said it wasn't," replied the girl with the red gloves sharply. "I got the card just the same, and none of the rest saw me do it. Then I dealt the cards to those who wanted them, and the betting began. Maud put in ten cents, and Charley bet ten cents on hers and didn't want to bet, and then Jim came, and he raised it fifty cents. I saw that he had a big hand, for he thinks a good deal of his money, and I raised his fifty cents another fifty cents. The rest of them didn't want to bet as high as that, and Jim raised me another fifty cents. That's the way it went, until I had borrowed all the money around the table, and Jim had changed me out of $10 bills. Then he called me, and I showed him that straight flush. He had four of a kind."

"Did you win?" asked the other girl.

"Did I win?" repeated the girl with the red gloves. "Oh, no; it was a girl out in California who won. I should say I did win. I got just $27 of Jim's money."

"What did you do with it?" asked the other girl.

"I spent fifty cents of it for a motto for Jim which said, 'Feed My Lambs.' I'm going to spend the rest on my Sunday-school class."—Buffalo Express.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 104 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Accuracy Carried Too Far.

A ship once went on a cruise, and the captain determined to keep an accurate account of the voyage in his log book. One morning the first mate, who had been on a lark the day before, in looking over the log book found this entry:

"The first mate was drunk all day yesterday."

He at once appealed to the captain, saying to him:

"Why in the world did you want to write that in the log book?"

"Is it not true?" questioned the captain.

"Yes; but there was no use to state it."

"Oh, yes, there was. I intend to keep a full and accurate record of what goes on on board this ship during the entire voyage."

The first mate was compelled to submit, but his turn came. Next day he was in charge of the ship—the captain taking an off day. When he turned up the next morning he found written on the log book:

"The captain was sober all day yesterday."

Of course he entered a protest.

"Well, weren't you sober all day?" asked the mate.

"Of course, but there was no use of stating it."

"Oh, yes I was merely carrying out your instructions and keeping an accurate record of what occurred on board."—Atlanta Journal.

Wise Rob.

Aunt Jane—Rob, dear, won't you try to be a real good boy to-day?

Rob—I will, aunty, for a quarter.

Aunt Jane—Why, Rob! You wish pay for being good?

Rob—Well, aunty, dear, you wouldn't give me good for nothing, would you?"—Harper's Young People.

How Those Girls Love One Another.

Clara—I don't think he knows enough to propose.

Maude—What if you should hear that he and I were engaged?

Clara—Well, my opinion would still be the same.—Truth.

No Need to Work.

This life toils not, even when
Her regal prospects smoulder.
Why should she when this country lifts
Each burden from her shoulder?
—Washington Star

Just to Change the Subject.

Joss—How do you suppose he came to propose to me?

Boss—Got tired of talking about the weather, probably.—Truth.

The Sunday School.

Trial of Abraham's Faith.

LESSON VIII., FEB. 25, 1894.

Golden Text: By faith Abrahaam, when he was tried, offered up Isaac.—Heb. 11:17.

LESSON TEXT.

(Gen. 22:1-13.)

1. And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham: and he said, Behold, here I am.

2. And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

3. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him.

4. Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off.

5. And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.

6. And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together.

7. And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father; and he said, Here I am, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?

8. And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering; so they went both of them together.

9. And they came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood.

10. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.

11. And the Angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham; and he said, Here am I.

12. And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.

13. And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son.

Illustrative Applications.

God said unto him, Abraham; and he said, Here am I (v. 1). When God called Adam, Adam was afraid, and he hid himself. When God called Abraham, Abraham was not afraid, and he showed himself. Adam felt that God was his friend. If we love God, and are sure that God loves us, we are glad to hear God's voice, no matter when or how it comes to us. "There is no fear in love; but perfect (entire) love casteth out fear." A loving child who is frightened at anything is glad to hear a loving mother's voice. Something would be wrong if a child were afraid when its mother called. Something is wrong—with us, not with God—if we are afraid when God calls us.

Take now thy son, thine only son, whom thou lovest, and offer him there for a burnt offering (v. 2). If God wants to test a man, he knows how to test him. God does not test to know whether the man loves him better than all else; God makes the test at the point where the man would be most likely to fail, if he failed at all. All of us are ready to give up a great deal that we value a little, if we can only retain what we value more. But when God asks us whether we would give up the one thing that we hold dearest among the gifts of God to us, we are brought at once to the test of tests. "If God had only asked anything else, he could have picked it out. Yes, but God asks this one thing instead of asking anything else. And now the question, "Is this one gift of God dearer to us than God the giver?" Here is the test of our love for God."

And Abraham rose early in the morning, and went unto the place of which God had told him (v. 3). When God has made our path of duty plain, it is a great deal better for us to rise early in the morning and go along that path, than to lie abed in the morning, and then start in some other direction when we do get up. We have our choice between these two courses every morning of our lives, and we do the one thing or the other. If we are friends of God, as Abraham was God's friend, we are glad to pursue the right course. If we are not ready to pursue that course, it would seem that we are not God's friends.

Abraham said, God will provide himself the lamb for a burnt offering, my son (v. 8). Abraham could trust God for the next step, even though it seemed as though the next step would carry him over a precipice. Isaac's curiosity was a natural one, but Abraham wanted Isaac to have a faith that was supernatural. If Abraham had told Isaac just how the future looked to him at that moment, neither Abraham nor Isaac would have been the gainer by it. But Abraham counseled Isaac to trust God, and Isaac trusted God; and it came out better than either of them could have expected at that moment. How much better it is to trust God for the future, than to worry over the future as it would look to us if we were looking to the future with the eyes of sense!

Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, from me (v. 12). God knew Abraham before this test. It was for our benefit rather than for God's sake, that Abraham was tested as God's friend by this sore testing. If Abraham really loved and trusted God utterly, he would not withhold anything from God. Abraham stood the testing of his friendship, and he stands out before the world as the father of the faithful, an example to us of unwavering friendship. If we are true friends, we shall show that we are so when our friendship is tested most sorely. If we are God's friends, God will know it, and we shall show it.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES give sure and immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

GOSSIP ABOUT BERNHARDT.

Princess Colonna's Mother and Her Spirited Warfare.

Sarah Bernhardt and the Princess Colonna are both interesting persons just now by their vagaries. Mme. Bernhardt has decided to introduce the American system in the theater in Paris, and she has abolished fees of all sorts, cut down the entreacts, and put American lithographs on the kiosks along the boulevards. As the average Paris theater goer the person visiting the show must first fee the attendant at the door, for no particular reason, then fee the old woman who takes his coat and hat, and give another small fee to the venerable personage who peddles the programmes. Then, if he wants a glass of water or a footstool for his companion, fees must accompany the request and so on interminably. It is not the amount of money, for one can toss coins around like a Russian Prince in a Paris theater without getting beyond the value of a ten cent piece, but the nuisance is an intolerable one, and now that the Parisians have learned by experience how much better it is to walk into and out of a playhouse without being annoyed by a lot of harpies they are loud in Mme. Bernhardt's praise. Mrs. Mackay is the leading spirit in the Princess Colonna warfare. Whenever there is any fighting on the result it is in favor of the California mother-in-law. She is an indefatigable worker and full of pluck, and nobody has any doubt as to the outcome of her struggle against the Prince who married her daughter as a financial investment.

No Bigotry There.

At the late jubilee in Carlsbad in honor of Labitsky the Catholic priest composed a festival hymn, the Protestant minister wrote the words and the Jewish synagogue furnished the singers.

A Sad Ending.

Paul Bennevue, who began his career as secretary to Dumas pere and varied it as diplomat, editor, publisher, politician and banker, is ending it in a New Hampshire poorhouse.

Your Strength Renewed AND YOUR RUNDOWN SYSTEM BUILT UP AND REORGANIZED.

A few bottles of S. S. S. will do it. If you

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1894.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THEY WANT THEM!

We are having wonderful success with our coupon offer of "Sights and Scenes of the World." Every day's mails brings us a large number of coupons, each with the name of a new subscriber for the Weekly Blade. And those who receive the first four parts of this splendid art work will feel themselves well repaid for their labor, and will go to work in March to secure the next four parts.

Coupon No. 1 will be published only once more. Then we shall bring out Coupon No. 2, which will be for parts No. 5, 6, 7 and 8—all four of which will be sent to any present subscriber who sends us one new subscriber with $1 and the coupon. Read the announcement on the fifth page again, and try for the first four parts before it is too late.

"THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE."

The financial questions now before the nation, and others likely to arise in the near future, ought to be understood thoroughly by every voter, that his vote may be intelligently cast. How many of the readers of The Blade can answer at once and correctly this series of questions, for example:

Why did Secretary Carlisle prefer to sell bonds to the amount of $50,000,000, instead of asking Congress to authorize him to issue that amount of greenbacks?

Why does money loan at from 1 to 2 per cent. now in New York, yet a farmer in Kansas have to pay 10 or 12 per cent?

What is the real reason that national banks are preferred to state banks by the mass of intelligent people?

What is the valid objection to gold as the only standard of monetary value?

What are the only drawbacks to the greenback as paper money?

Why is it that all the leading nations of the world have made gold the sole basis of their monetary systems?

What is the distinction between wealth and money?

What is the distinction between real money and credit money?

Why, in times of dull business, does money accumulate in our cities, especially New York?

Remember, the use of money goes back into the twilight of history. Within the past five hundred years especially, the world has tried, in some form or other, almost every possible experiment in finance. Hence there has gradually been a number of primal facts which all well-educated and well-informed men of affairs, in every country, agree upon as being

The foundations of finance.

We propose beginning, in a few weeks, a series of articles in the Weekly Blade under this title—"The Foundations of Finance." We shall explain, in clear, concise language, the history of money, and give, in compact form, the basic principles on which all financial authorities are agreed. These will enable the reader to answer such questions as those given above, and detect the fallacies in any financial argument. The series will be really a text-book of correct knowledge on finance.

This series will be written only for the Weekly Blade, and will NOT be printed in any other paper, nor in book form. The series alone will be worth the price of the Weekly Blade a year, thrice over. Due notice will be given of the beginning of the series.

THE KEARSARGE HAS GONE.

The Kearsarge has gone. The very name causes a thrill of patriotic pride in the breast of every American. It is closely linked with the history of our great naval exploits. It is a reminder to every one of a great victory. It is the vessel that made news of hope and success at a time when the friends of the Union needed encouragement. The affections which Americans have always had for the grand old ship Constitution is felt in the same way for the warship that annihilated the privateer Alabama, which had wrought so much damage to American commerce. Built before the war, she was a conspicuous figure previous to this event in her history, and has been an historical one ever since. It therefore gives our patriotic feelings a shock to hear that the old boat foundered on Roncadore reef. The escape of the officers and crew, the most conspicuous of whom was Rear Admiral Oscar F. Stanton, who had just been restored to command the South Pacific squadron, after his little affair with Secretary Herbert, was very fortunate. The crew were just as likely to have gone down with the Kearsarge as to have escaped. Roncadore reef is a dangerous place. Many lives have been lost in shipwrecks in that locality. Only a few years ago ex-Senator Warner Miller and the other officers of the Nicaragua Canal company were shipwrecked on the same point, and barely escaped with their lives.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat has been gathering statistics, during several months past, concerning the number of converts allying themselves with the various evangelical churches in the states of Missouri, Illinois, Kansas, Arkansas and Texas, and estimates that since September 1, 1893, there have been 49,010 accessions. This was done to determine whether a great religious wave is sweeping over the country, or whether it is merely sporadic. If the figures are reliable—and we believe they are—they prove that the revival is general. Doubtless a canvass of all other sections of the Union would have a similar access of religious interest.

Hoke Smith is going to use the Vaillant remedy on all the Republican officials of the Interior department.

WHAT IS THE "RUM POWER?"

A reader of the Weekly Blade puts to us this question: "What do you mean by the 'Rum Power,' in your noted war-cry, 'Pulverize the Rum Power?'"

Probably there are other readers who do not realize that the phrase, the Rum Power, includes all men who make money out of the liquor traffic, in any capacity. It does not mean simply saloon-keepers, but a much larger body of men than their aggregate numbers. Let us illustrate by using the figures as to the number of saloons and saloonkeepers in the state of New York, and the other persons who form, together with these, that class which is collectively denominated the Rum Power.

There are 7,700 licensed liquor saloons in New York city, 3,000 in Brooklyn, 2,200 in Buffalo, 950 in Albany, 350 in Rochester, and 700 in Troy, a total of 15,400 in the six largest cities of the Empire state. There are 4,500 licensed saloons in the other 46 cities of the state, and 8,000 in the unincorporated townships, a total of 28,000. Figuring at two, the average number of barkeepers to a saloon, the result is 84,000 proprietors, barkeepers and helpers. To this total must be added the following:

There are 630 breweries in New York state, and the number of men employed in each, workmen, superintendents, book-keepers, collectors, cashiers, drivers, hostlers, chemists, coopers and engineers averages about eighty men, making a total of more than 50,000. There are 450 distilleries in the state, having an average working force in all departments of about thirty men in office and factory, making a total of about 13,500 men engaged in the wholesale branch of the liquor business.

Then there are the dealers in saloonkeepers' fixtures, their clerks, drummers and workmen; there are those who make a business of providing the free lunches; there are the bottlers, a large class; the manufacturers of and dealers in glassware, saloon mirrors, beer pumps, and corkscrews, and the makers of advertising signs and ornaments. This about includes the domestic beer and liquor interests of the state and those interested and affiliated with it. There is to be added the foreign import trade in wines, champagnes, ales, spirits, liquors, and brandies, and the agents, clerks, and salesmen engaged in it. With these additions the total number of men in the wine, liquor and beer trades in New York state, or directly connected with them, does not fall anything short of 200,000.

The liquor business is peculiar in this—that, from its nature, women and minors are excluded. It is conducted almost exclusively by men. Hence these 200,000 are practically all voters; and this is one of the reasons for the potentiality of the Rum Power in politics. Not only does every man engaged in it have a vote, but probably the larger number of them each control one or more other votes. Through this means, its political influence is far greater than the casual observer would be inclined to suppose.

What is the cohesive force which holds this army of voters together? Simply the money that is made in the liquor traffic. There is hardly any occupation which affords so great a margin of profit. The greed of gain holds these men in their occupation and nerves them to resist any and all legislation that would curtail their sales or otherwise diminish their profits. The temperance element of the country is not animated, of course, by this most potent of all factors of human activity, the desire for gain. They must depend upon argument and moral influence, in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

MRS. LEASE WINS.

Everybody is glad that Mrs. Lease has won in her fight with Governor Lewelling. They do not exactly agree with her economic principles or approve of her political course in Kansas, but they don't forget that she is a woman, and in a fight between a man and a woman our sympathies naturally go out towards the gentler sex. In addition to this, the people have come to have a supreme contempt for Governor Lewelling, and have confidence neither in his good sense nor his good intentions. Mrs. Lease was probably too honest to suit the Populist governor. She now says that she intended to resign as soon as the Supreme court cleared her title to a seat on the state board of charities, but has changed her mind and will stay there to protect the interests of her friends. Whatever else may be said of Mrs. Lease, she has displayed those fighting qualities which Americans admire.

OUR WATCH OFFER.

We have yet to hear of one person who is not satisfied with a watch bought of us. Read this:

Wabaunsee, Kan., Jan. 6.—Publishers Blade:—The watch I ordered came to hand the first of the week all right. Every one who has seen it admires it, and thinks it cheap. It is a good timekeeper, therefore I am well pleased. Yours, truly,

T. S. ST. JOHN.

Bad Axe, Mich., Jan. 5.—The watch was received in time for a Christmas offering. The price and quality is a wonder compared to those when I was a boy, all owing to push and protection for America for Americans.

J. B. JOHNSON.

By the expenditure of nearly $10,000,000, John D. Rockefeller is said to have obtained control of all the important iron mines in the Lake Superior region and the copper mines of Cuba. As iron ore is going on the free list under the Wilson bill, we beg to call the attention of the dupes of the free traders to the above facts, and to ask them to report whether free trade in iron ore is going to smash the Rockefeller monopoly. And if not, why will not the free trade theory work out?

The plan of transfering the revenue cutters from the control of the Treasury department to the Navy department is again being agitated. A bill has been introduced in Congress to that effect. The plan has been endorsed by both departments for several years past, but Congress has never taken any action in the matter.

If the Senate carries out the purpose of the Finance committee, and puts a revenue duty on sugar, what will become of "the poor man's breakfast table" which our Democratic brethren wailed of for so many years, until a Republican Congress made all its staples free?

The Ohio coal miners go back to work—but at 20 cents a ton reduction. The general level of wages is falling under the paralyzing shadow of the coming low tariff, as every Republican has predicted for years.

The infatuation of Congress for Queen Lil is not paralleled in the love tales of Lord Byron.

THE HAWAIIAN RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, First—That it is the sense of this House that the action of the United States Minister in employing United States naval forces and illegally aiding in overthrowing the constitutional government of the Hawaiian Islands in January, 1893, and in setting up in its place a provisional government not republican in form, and in opposition to the will of the majority of the people, was contrary to the traditions of our republic and the spirit of our constitution, and should be and is condemned.

Second—That we heartily approve the principle announced by the President of the United States that interference with the domestic affairs of an independent nation is contrary to the spirit of American institutions; and it is further the sense of this House that the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to our country, or the assumption of a protectorate over them by our government, is uncalled for and inexpedient; that the people of that country would have absolute freedom and independence in pursuing their own line of policy, and that foreign intervention in the political affairs of the islands will not be regarded with forbearance by the government of the United states.

The above are the McCreary resolutions, passed by the Democrats of the House of Representatives on Wednesday. They were prepared to whitewash the administration's ignoble attempt to reinstate the dethroned queen; and their perusal will reveal the fact that in the attempt to find justification for Cleveland it was necessary to resort to falsehood.

The charge that Minister Stevens employed the naval force in overthrowing the queen, and himself aided the movement, is a direct perversion of fact. The second resolution approves "the principle announced by the President that interference with the domestic affairs of an independent nation is contrary to the spirit of American institutions," yet fails to note that Mr. Cleveland has been guilty of such interference, and in a most offensive form.

Let us particularize. The Hawaiian revolution took place about the middle of January, 1893. The various great nations of the world who have diplomatic representatives at Honolulu all recognized the provisional government promptly, including Great Britain and the United States. Mr. Cleveland took his seat on March 4. Then in December he attempted to overthrow a government which had existed for eleven months, which had been recognized by ourselves and other nations, and with which we were at peace. If this be not "interference," in a most pronounced and offensive manner, "with the domestic affairs of an independent nation," pray what is it? He conspired with the ex-queen to overthrow the existing government, dictated the conditions on which she was to be restored to power, and finally ordered the provisional government to yield place to her. And there is not a shadow of doubt that, had he possessed the constitutional power to use force of arms, he would have done so.

The Democratic "cuckoos" of the House of Representatives, by adopting these resolutions, endorse the falsehoods they contain, and the aspersions on the previous administration. And why? Simply to appear to approve Cleveland's policy. Every one knows that there were a number of Representatives who condemn the President's course in the Hawaiian matter, but who were constrained and persuaded to vote for the resolutions on partisan grounds. As it was, they had a bare majority, after straining parliamentary usage in order to obtain a second ballot. They have no force with the people, for the popular verdict is made up against Grover Cleveland on this subject, and adversely.

THE SHEEHAN ROW.

The row in the New York state senate may be succinctly stated as follows: Lieutenant Governor Sheehan, its presiding officer, made a ruling to which the Republicans took exceptions. They appealed to the senate from his decision, but he refused to put the question on the appeal. The Republican leader called on the clerk to put the question, which he did, and it was carried. Several other motions were put in the same way. Mr. Sheehan refusing; and finally one was thus carried which decided a contested election case by unseating Mr. McCarty and seating Mr. Wolfert in his stead.

The next day, McCarty's attorney obtained a temporary injunction from Judge Clute, restraining the clerk of the senate from calling the roll in future unless so directed to do so by the lieutenant governor, and from adding Wolfert's name to the roll until the lieutenant governor should declare the resolution adopted. On the following day application was made to Judge Clute to dissolve the injunction, on the ground that the clerk is an official of the senate majority, and not the creature of the presiding officer; and he accordingly dissolved the injunction. The last ruling in manifestly correct; and the only wonder is that he could ever have entertained the motion for the first injunction. Manifestly he is unfit for a position on the bench.

AN UNEXPECTED CONTINGENCY.

The quid nunes at Washington are speculating on the possibility that the House of Representatives to be elected next fall will be called upon to elect a President to succeed Grover Cleveland. Under the constitution, unless a Presidential candidate has a majority of the total number of electoral votes, the choice devolves on the House; and this contingency is deemed likely to happen in 1896, unless the conditions change considerably.

The prediction is based on the great and growing unpopularity of Cleveland. Already it is admitted by the Democrats that they will probably lose New York in the Presidential contest; and in the South the Populist vote is growing at the expense of the Democracy. Should New York go Republican, and the remaining states vote as they did in 1892, the election would be thrown into the House; and this is regarded as likely to happen. But these guessers can rest assured Ohio will not choose even one lone Democratic elector, as she did in 1892; nor will Indiana nor Illinois remain in the Democratic column.

There is much gossip as to Republican Presidential possibilities for 1896, but not a word concerning Democratic candidates. The brethren of that faith don't seem to care to electioneer for a licking.

There are seventeen crematories in operation in the United States, but it is doubtful if any one of them is large enough to cremate the corpse of the free trade Democracy next November.

Pennsylvania's Republican majority for congressman-at-large will continue to Grow till election.

Mr. Quigg has missed both the tariff and Hawaiian debates, but he should post himself on Brazil.

There was too much Dwiggins and not enough Zimri about the Indiana bank fraud.

SENSATION.

NEW THRILLING STORY
BY A
BRILLIANT SENSATIONAL WRITER,

THE LONE INN

OUR NEW NOVEL,
BY
FERGUS HUME,

Author of "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB," "MADAME MIDAS," "THE FEVER OF LIFE," "THE QUEER STORY OF ADAM LIND," "THE RED STAR," &c., &c.

PUBLICATION OF
OUR NEW STORY
BY
FERGUS HUME,
ENTITLED,

THE LONE INN

WILL COMMENCE IN OUR COLUMNS
ON
MARCH 1, 1894.

FERGUS HUME,
THE AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB."

When "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" was first published it was given to the world by a Melbourne firm—the author of the work being a Colonial, and at that time unknown to fame. As a Colonial story it proved far and away the greatest success of the Antipodes. Then it was taken to London, and introduced to the book-loving public of Great Britain. Its success was enormous, far exceeding the issues of "Called Back" and other sensational productions. A little later it traveled to the states, and before long was in everybody's hands. The author had leaped into universal fame, through the agency of one book.

Since then Fergus Hume has written several successful novels, but, strange to say, whilst the public like his sensational books best of all, the author himself prefers the fanciful and romantic story, and amongst his more recent works will be found "The Island of Fantasy," "Aladdin in London," and others answering to this description.

"The Lone Inn" is, however, a story of sensation, and as such we offer it to our readers.

PROTECTING THE SEALS.

The government of the United States is making every preparation to police Bering sea and the North Atlantic the coming spring, to stop the slaughter of seals, in accordance with the findings of the arbitration conference at Paris, and under regulations established by it. Russia and Japan have been invited to join in the work of patrolling the sea, and it is expected that they will comply. The British government has thus far avoided all definite promises, although Great Britain is bound by the terms of arbitration to aid in carrying out the regulations.

In this is to be seen the finger of Canadian diplomacy. The greed and selfishness of our northern neighbors is again displayed in this, as it was when Secretary of State Bayard secured from Lord Salisbury a promise to protect seal life, but which promise Canadian influence was powerful enough to break. The patrolling of the sea, under the regulations prescribed at Paris, will protect the seals, if fully carried out. If Great Britain refuses to aid in the work, we shall have to do it, if it is to be done, and bear the cost ourselves. But if we do it, we should have enough vessels to make seal killing unprofitable to the poachers, and thus drive them out of the business. This will make the work much easier in succeeding years.

CONGRESSMAN HOUK.

A second death in the Ohio delegation as originally elected to the Fifty-third Congress, occurred yesterday. Hon. George W. Houk, of Dayton, was taken away without even a moment's warning. Mr. Houk has been a prominent figure in the Democratic party in Ohio for many years, and he stands high among his neighbors and associates at Dayton. A successful business man, a lawyer of ability, by his own industry and honesty he made his own way in the world, and will leave a large estate to his family. He was for many years the law partner of Hon. John A. MacMahon. Although 69 years of age he was physically and mentally a very active man, and he has been a valuable member of Congress. Among those who knew Mr. Houk, universal sorrow will be felt at his death.

Harpers' Weekly declares editorially that "the people are sick of the Democratic party." Quite true; and they will rid themselves as speedily as possible of this old man of the sea, burdening their shoulders and strangling them.

Governor McKinley carried Congressman Houk's district last November, and there is little doubt but the new congressman will be a Republican.

That New Orleans Mardi Gras was a hilarious success, with four men killed and numerous wounded. That can not be chivalry—but perhaps it is.

Every newspaper in the country, commenting on Justice Brewer's use of the term of opprobrium to President Hayes, has condemned him.

The Senate appears to be ready to do the cuckoo act.

THE MOST UNPOPULAR MAN IN THE COUNTRY.

Who is he? Who but Grover Cleveland, President of the United States?

Mr. George Ticknor Curtis made the prediction a year ago that, within two years from that date, Cleveland would be the most unpopular man in the United States. He is now pluming himself on the verification of the prediction. Mr. Curtis, however, deserves very little credit for his acumen. It was inevitable that Cleveland should become unpopular, and every man who thoroughly understands the workings of the tariff could have made the same prediction with absolute certainty that it would be verified by the result.

There are two reasons for Cleveland's great unpopularity with the masses. The first of these is, of course, the business depression which has fallen upon the country as the result of the work of carrying into effect his low tariff ideas. His celebrated free trade message committed himself, and through him, his party, to the policy of tariff smashing. The evils that have already come upon the country, and those which are to follow as the result of the enactment of the Wilson bill into law, are naturally and properly laid at his door by the plundered and deceived people.

The second is the fact that the people are finding out Mr. Cleveland as he really is. There has been no stronger case of national deception regarding the personality of any one, than that regarding the President. Curbed, as he was, during his first term by Republican control in the Senate, he had no opportunity to show himself in his true colors. This is all changed. What was formerly deemed courage and resolution is now known to be stolid and boorish obstinacy. His greatness of spirit has been found to be a figment of the imagination, as is amply evidenced by his course in the Hawaiian matter, his ungenerous references to Blaine and Harrison in his message thereon, his bringing of a political quarrel with Hill into the Senate, through his appointments to the Supreme bench, and in numerous other ways.

Furthermore, he has developed a tyrannical love of power, and has abused the privileges of his high office, in maliciously persecuting those Democratic Congressmen who have dared to differ with his views or policy. He is already the most unpopular man in this country, and will be, by the time his term is out, not only hated but feared by the people. He is a coarse-fibred tyrant, a dangerous man to be entrusted with high political power, and possesses the capability of enacting the role of a Bonaparte, did opportunity offer.

THE FEDERAL ELECTIONS LAW.

On Wednesday afternoon the United States Senate passed the bill repealing the federal elections law. As it had already passed the House, it needs only the President's signature to become a law, and this it will promptly receive. So is wiped from the national statutes the last remaining vestige of legislation growing out of the conditions of the reconstruction era.

The original law was passed about a quarter of a century ago, and its aid was first invoked at the November election in New York city in 1870. The next year the law just repealed was passed as a substitute for the original statute. It authorized judges of United States court, upon proper application being made, to appoint two citizens (of opposite politics) as watchers at each polling place during any election for Representatives to Congress or for Presidential electors—which are the only strictly federal elections we have. It also empowered the United States marshals to appoint special deputies to preserve order at the polls.

The history of the operation of this law, now closed, shows not one instance in which any citizen was deprived by it of the full and free exercise of the elective franchise. It has prevented wholesale fraud in New York city at different times, and its protection has been invoked in other cities, and in the South. It has been the target for the bitterest abuse from Democratic machine politicians, because it was an obstacle to election frauds. No Democrat can point to a single instance wherein it was used to annul the people's will or to secure Republican triumph by injustice.

The only real ground for opposition to it has been the Democratic desire to be unfettered in the perpetration of frauds on the ballot at Congressional and Presidential elections. No Democratic expounder of the constitution denies the power of the federal government, under the organic law, to protect the purity of the ballot at these elections. The law has proved too weak in Southern Congressional districts to prevent election crimes, and an honest effort was made to strengthen its provisions through the Lodge bill, in the Fifty-first Congress. It passed the House by a strict party vote, but was defeated in the Senate by a coalition of Democrats and free silver Republicans. The putative ground of opposition by the Democrats was the plea that it was "an interference with the rights of the sovereign states"—the old state rights doctrine; the real ground was to leave the way open for the maintenance of the "Solid South."

We doubt if any effort will again be made to inject the issue of federal supervision of elections into a national campaign. When the Lodge bill was before Congress, it was evident that there was a large number of Republicans who did not consider it a vital issue. This feeling has been brought about by the growth of opinion among thinking Democrats in the South that the old methods of force and fraud must be abandoned. When the whites of that section were united to keep the negro vote a nullity, there was no trouble; but when the Farmers' Alliance divided the white vote, the first step was to employ similar methods, on one side or the other, against white voters. The tendency now is to control the vote by legal methods, rather than violence or perjury. It will be fraud, all the same, but it will be in legal form, and the federal elections law, in any shape, would be powerless to remedy it. Any state can constitutionally restrict the franchise by law, so long as it does not draw the line on "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." But laws can be passed which will disfranchise negro majorities by means of a taxation qualification, or a poll-tax, or an educational qualification, against which any federal statute would be powerless.

All the federal election repeal bills will not keep down the Republican majorities for 1894.

Everything points to the carrying of Kansas by Republicans by at least 40,000 next fall.

NEEDED.

Missionary—I come, your majesty, to tell you that you need me.
Chief of the Boluzies—We will receive you with joy (and with one accord they laid their hands on their sto machs).

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the seventh page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have been asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

COINING THE SEIGNIORAGE.

The project of "coining the seigniorage" is again being agitated in Congress. The term "seigniorage" really means a charge, made by a government for coining gold or silver for private parties; but in this case it is given a wider meaning and is applied to the alleged profit accruing from the purchase of silver bullion under the Sherman law.

That bullion, as every one knows, was bought at the market price, month by month, and paid for in Treasury notes. But the price of silver declined progressively from 1890, the year the law went into effect. Hence, at the present price, the bullion stored in the Treasury could not be sold for as much as we paid for it. It is worth about $18,000,000 less than it cost us.

But if it were all coined into silver dollars, their face value would be about $55,000,000 more than the market value of the bullion. This arises from the fact that the coinage ratio assumes the value of silver bullion to be $1.29 per ounce, while the market price is only about 66 cents per ounce.

This fifty-five millions of fictitious profit is what is called the "seigniorage" by the gentlemen who are agitating the matter. But the bill they advocate does not propose to really coin this bullion. It provides for an issue of silver certificates to this amount of fifty-five millions. A silver certificate states on its face that it represents one (or more) silver dollars deposited in the Treasury for its redemption. Hence this issue would bear a lie on its face. It would not represent silver dollars, but bars of bullion. The scheme is the fictitious coinage of a fictitious sum—a mere book-keeping balance; in reality it is a plan to issue fifty-five millions of paper money.

PLEASED WITH THE BOOK.

The readers of the Weekly Blade, who have already received their copies of the "Nasby Letters," are thoroughly pleased with the volume. Below we give some recent letters on the subject:

Bad Axe, Mich., Jan. 5.—Publishers Blade:—The "Nasby Letters" were to me a happy and highly appreciated New Year's present, especially so as I was born in Ohio nearly 74 years since, and have been for fifty years well acquainted in all the counties of Northern Ohio, in which Mr. Locke made his efficient and successful efforts to preserve the union and pulverize the rebel power.

I. B. JOHNSON.

Alverton, Pa., Jan. 9.—Publishers Blade:—The premium, "Nasby Letters," came to hand all O. K., and I am very much pleased with the book. How vividly it brings up recollections of the exciting times during and following the fall of the Confederacy! If Nasby were living now he could get a P. M. appointment again under Grover the First, or Queen Lil, perhaps, or start another bank at the X Roads. Thanks for the premium. Long life and great success to The Blade is my wish. Respectfully yours,

MILTON P. STONER.

Spokane, Wash., Jan. 3.—Publishers Blade:—I received the "Nasby Letters" promptly. They are very interesting, and should be read by every patriotic citizen. Please accept my thanks for the book. I think your new serial story, "A Fair Virginian," is excellent. Yours, truly,

W. F. BLEUK.

Nora, Neb., Jan. 6.—Publishers Blade:—I have received the "Nasby Letters." The book would be a credit to anybody's library. Success to the good old Blade! Very respectfully yours,

J. W. SAPP.

LOSS OF LIFE IN BRAZIL.

The bloodthirsty war in Brazil cannot last much longer. The country is being devastated, the people are rapidly becoming exterminated. Neither the insurgent admirals nor President Peixoto will have any forces left if the present loss of life is kept up. Three people were actually killed at the terrible conflict which took place at Rio on Tuesday. They were an apothecary, a shoemaker and a policeman. This makes 17 in all who have lost their lives during the present war. It is said that neither side can survive another battle.

Here is the disgraceful record:
Elections repeal bill.
Wilson bill.
Hawaiian resolution.

Minister Willis is rapidly becoming Mr. Cleveland's representative to the Queen, and not to the Hawaiian government.

THE HAWAIIAN MATTER.

A correspondent at Wayne, Neb., calls The Blade sharply to task for its attitude on the Hawaiian question. He favors the restoration of ex-Queen Liliuokalani, and states his case thus:

Missionaries went to these delightful Islands, surrounded by lovely tropical seas, fanned by balmy breezes and fragrant with a flora whose luxuriance is transporting, and like Satan in the garden of Eden, they opened the eyes of these happy, nude people, living in their primitive simplicity, and taught them what? Taught them how to amalgamate, at any rate, and worked themselves into them and their country until they have reduced the natives to a remnant of their former selves, swindled them out of their possessions, and now boldly rob them of their government and kick them out. • •

He also waxes wroth at The Blade's reference to the ex-queen as a "demi-mondaine," as follows:

Well, perhaps she is not strictly virtuous; perhaps a pure white American or missionary has been the one to initiate what you complain of. • • Oh, don't throw stones at this young girl queen, who is barely coming out of the shell of savagery, because, in color and purity she may not be the equal of America's most divine daughter. Whatever she is, she has a right to her inheritance, and if Americans did not like the laws of the Sandwich Islands or their people they could stay out of there. The Hawaiians didn't send for them, and because they do not like their laws and manners that is no excuse to rob them of their government and their country.

I am a Republican, a strong anti-slavery man, a strong anti-Southern man, and have no admiration for Cleveland or the people who put him there; but I dare not deny that he would be doing right to right the gross wrong the Jesse James man did who ordered the marines to haul off the Hawaiians while they were looted.

This letter is a fair example of a mind governed by sentiment, rather than reason. We refer to it, not because the positions taken are really logical, but to illustrate how easy it is for a person sometimes to endeavor to support a sentimental position by incorrect assumptions as to facts.

We shall not discuss the abstract question whether missionary effort to Christianize heathen lands is proper, leaving it for our readers to decide as they think; for it does not affect the Hawaiian matter at all. The missionaries are not responsible for either the race of half-breeds nor the introduction of other vices among them. The crew of Captain Cook, the English discoverer, started the work, followed by crews of trading vessels, and then the advent of Chinese and Malays, with the unnamable vices of the Orient, did much more. The native Hawaiians have always been an immoral people, and their "innocence" was simply ignorance.

The whole argument of our correspondent for the restoration of the ex-queen would be equally cogent to restore the political control of the United States to the Indians, or of any other country which has been settled by whites, with the consequent driving out or destruction of the native race. Whatever basis his sentimental position may have in abstract justice, we must remind him that the undoing of the work of a century in Hawaii can never be accomplished. It is but a dream to imagine the contrary. We must accept the status of to-day, not that of a century ago.

One matter more, and we are done. Our correspondent refers to Liliuokalani as a "young girl queen," who has "a right to her inheritance." She is not a young girl, but a woman of middle age—a widow, her real name being Mrs. Dominis. She is not a descendant of the Kamehamehas, the Hawaiian royal line, nor affiliated by marriage. She did not inherit by any right whatever. The history of the Hawaiian monarchy is here briefly given, as a matter of interest:

The Hawaiians were originally governed by chiefs, whose rule did not always embrace an entire island, until the time of Kamehameha I., called Nui (the Great), born in 1753, died 1819. He was chief of the western part of the island of Hawaii, and conceived the idea of conquering the entire group, which he did. He appointed as his successor, who was succeeded by his son, Kamehameha II., born in 1797, died 1824. He, not having appointed any successor, a council of chiefs elected his younger brother, Kauikeaouli, to the throne, as Kamehameha III., born 1814, died 1854. He having no son, adopted Alexander Liholiho, son of Kekauaoa, governor of Oahu, and appointed him his successor. His title being Kamehameha IV.; born 1834, died 1863. In 1856 he married Emma, a half-breed, who was the daughter of a chief by an Englishwoman. They had one son, who died in his fourth year. Having no heir, he named his elder brother, Lot, as his successor, as Kamehameha V. He was born 1830, died 1872. He died unmarried, and the Kamehameha line ended with him. Since that time no monarch has inherited by descent. The Hawaiian constitution contains a provision that the monarch shall name his successor. Kamehameha V. died without doing this, and the legislative body selected Lunalilo as his successor, January 8, 1873. He died February 3, 1874, leaving no child, and Kalakaua was elected king on February 12 of that year. He was succeeded by his sister Liliuokalani, now deposed. The latter had selected Kaiulani as her successor. Kaiulani is the daughter of a Scotch sailor named Cleghorn, and a native woman.

The final footings of the police census of the unemployed in New York city show that there are without work 52,592 males and 14,653 females, a total of 67,280. It was found, also, that 28,311 families are in need of assistance, while 9,370 families whose members are unemployed are able to care for themselves. These are really appalling figures. There's a terrible responsibility on the city of New York. The old couplet, "The devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," is just as forcible as in Isaac Watts's day. The problem of the unemployed must be settled, not by demagogues but by statesmen.

So many Catholic Italians have arrived in this country and South America recently that it has been deemed advisable by the propaganda in Rome to delegate a special representative to look after this interests in the western world. This was done on the advice of Mgr. Satolli, Father Vincentini being appointed. So says the cable. But why is any such supervision needed? Are not Italian Catholics—or Catholics of any nationality—capable of attending to their own religious affairs without a supervisor?

General Sickles and Amos Cummings will have a good friend in Mr. Quigg. All three are against the Wilson bill and Mr. Cleveland.

Congress has an unlimited amount of whitewash in the cuckoo cage.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

At the University of Berne there are women students of almost every nationality.

Harriet Hosmer, who has spent twenty years in Europe, now says that she wishes she had stayed at home with her own countrymen.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant declares that the good humor of the American women under all circumstances is unsurpassed.

It seems that Miss Sparrow, a London journalist, took it into her head to sweep a crossing, just to see what it was like. It was Lady Georgiana Fullerton who once performed the same act, in order to allow the regular sweeper to attend mass.

Mrs. Flora Kimball selected the trees and shrubbery and directed the planting of them on seven miles of the streets of National City, Cal. She was requested to undertake the work by the supervisor, who deemed her the most competent person for the place.

The mother-in-law of the Mikado of Japan has recently been ill. She was attended by 423 physicians, but in spite of that has pulled through. The 423 medical men hadn't much to say as to the cause of the lady's illness, but a Buddhist priest of ingenious mind declared that it was owing to the introduction of railroads. His logic was simple. Before there were railroads, she was well. After there were railroads, she was ill. What could be more clear than the conclusion he drew?

The only woman admitted to the society formed last fall by the sculptors of New York is Theodora Ruggles Kitson. She is only 23 years old and has had little success but her career, for any woman who has undertaken that branch of art. She began her studies at the age of 15 in the studio of Mr. H. H. Kitson, whom she married last year. Some of her statues were on view at the World's Fair.

Mrs. Elizabeth Custer is an accomplished billiard player. She acquired her skill at the game during her long residence at military stations in the West. It is rare to find a woman who is an adept at billiards, and yet there are few more graceful games and few in which the delicate accuracy of touch which is so much a feminine characteristic is oftener called into requisition.

The Century club of Joplin, Mo., has, on the surface, no connection with marriage or interest in any such frivolities. It was organized three years ago by women who clustered for "serious study." Three short years have passed and out of the club's small membership seven have married and three more are engaged.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, it is said, has given a million dollars to religious work in the past two years.

Judge Melvin M. Gray, of St. Louis, has given $25,000 to Drury college, Springfield, Mo., as a fund to endow a chair of geology in memory of his wife. The institution is open to women students on the same terms as men.

Ex-Governor Richard C. McCormick, of Arizona, now a resident of Jamaica, L. I., has given half an acre of land for a soldiers' monument site in that village. The monument will cost $3,000, which has already been subscribed.

Dr. Adam Capen Gill, formerly a professor in Johns Hopkins University, has been appointed assistant professor of Mineralogy and Petrography at Cornell University, and Gilbert D. Harris, an alumnus, assistant professor of Palaeontology.

Bourke Cockran is one of the few orators still left in Congress, according to the old-time meaning of the word. He has the swing and fullness of the orators of the old school. He has what Walt Whitman called "the divine power to speak words."

Mr. Ruskin does not like bicycles. "I not only object," he says, "but I am prepared to spend all my best bad language in reprobating them, and four, five, six or seven cycles and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground."

One of Guy de Maupassant's peculiarities was brought to light by the recent auction sale in Paris of his library. Many of the volumes were presentation copies from authors; and of these the leaves were uncut. Yet there are those who insist that De Maupassant was always more or less insane.

Mr. Thomas Weldon Stanford of Melbourne, Australia, was bequeathed £200,000 by his brother, the late Senator Leland Stanford of California, but has made known to Mrs. Stanford his intention to transfer the entire sum to the endowment fund of the Leland Stanford University. It is also intimated that he will add a considerable sum to the gift from his own possessions. He possesses a large fortune.

Senators Frye and Blackburn are warm friends. Frye delights to mimic the dialect and the mannerisms of his Southern friend. He declares that he heard a conversation between the Kentuckian and a visiting stranger in the cloak room the other day. The stranger asked Blackburn politely in the lobby whether Senator Hoar was in the chamber. The Kentucky Senator replied with equal courtesy and a profound bow: "Senator Ho' is not on the flo'. He went out of that do' at half past fo'."

TOLD IN FEW WORDS.

Twenty-one millionaries have residences at Colorado Springs.

The star sapphire shows in its depths a white star with five rays.

The South African gold mines are increasing greatly in productiveness.

Suicide is less prevalent among miners than any other class of people.

The first regiment of infantry was organized in France about 1585.

The interest on the public debt of the United States approximates $100 per minute.

The light of the firefly is caused by the slow combustion of phosphorus in its system.

On an average 27,000 widowers remarry as against 18,500 widows in the course of a month.

In the year 1802 England co

Publishers' Column.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. There are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters:

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special

GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

This watch is exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. The rims, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movements. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham.

FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Gold-filled 15-yr. hunting case (engraved)	$22 00
Gold-filled 15 yr. case, open face (engraved)	18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting	17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	12 25

No. 10—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra.

GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $20.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch, named and numbered in honor of Columbus. It has cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled pallet, quick train, dust band, etc. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial, with Arabic figures, which gives to the watch the appearance of a $500 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. Price, $20 in hunting case and $19 in open face.

"THE LIMITED."

14k. Gold-Filled Watch, Men's Size Hunting Case—No. 2487, Price $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. No. 2487 is either a Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensating expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the latest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

Ladies' Size Hunting Case 14k. Gold-Filled Watch—No. 2488, Price $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. It is a most attractive watch, especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price, delivered, $12.50.

To ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold. They are all guaranteed to wear five years, if properly used. The prices below include free safe delivery:

No. 1—Men's rolled gold filled "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Men's heavy rolled gold filled "cable" chain	1 50
No. 3—Men's stylish chain, rolled gold filled, long and short links combined	4 50
No. 4—Men's seamless gold filled "rope" chain	4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, solid gold	4 00
No. 8—Lady's solid 14k gold Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price $12; our price	8 00

We deliver these chains free by mail to any subscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced filled chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. The solid gold chain will of course wear forever. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver, the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
1 dozen table knives	2.25
½ dozen table knives	1.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. "Diana or Christ?"
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Horse Fair.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
9. Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home from the First Voyage.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

OLD AND NEW.

The "sturdy oak and clinging vine" are
out of fashion now;
The modern maiden stands alone, with
triumph on her brow.
She buffets bravely with the world, she
fares as best she can,
And gayly makes her way through life
without the help of man.
Her broken yoke of servitude she tramples
'neath her feet,
Her ancient tyrant she defies, and finds
her freedom sweet.

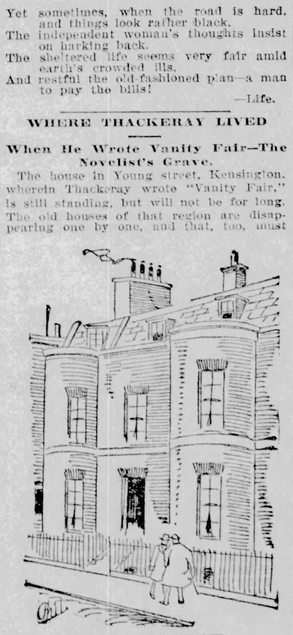
Yet sometimes, when the road is hard,
and things look rather black,
The independent woman's thoughts insist
on backing back.
The sheltered life seems very fair amid
earth's crowded ills,
And restful the old-fashioned plan—a man
to pay the bills!

—Life.

WHERE THACKERAY LIVED

When He Wrote Vanity Fair—The Novelist's Grave.

The house in Young street, Kensington, wherein Thackeray wrote "Vanity Fair," is still standing, but will not be for long. The old houses of that region are disappearing one by one, and that, too, must



THACKERAY'S HOME.

give place to a more modern mansion, says the New York Tribune. It is a plain and comfortable house, and the novelist was happy in it. The drawing given herewith is an excellent portrait. The house and its former tenant's grave are the two shrines which all Thackeray-lovers in England know well.

Few people have realized for many years past that his widow was living, and the news of her death three weeks ago came as a surprise. In what a tragedy ended her four happy years of married life! Thackeray and Isabella Shaw had loved each other almost from babyhood, and were little more than boy and girl when they were married; he was only twenty-four and she was eighteen. He had then just been compelled by the loss of his fortune to abandon the painting he loved and to take up literature for a living; and

THACKERAY'S GRAVE.

all he had in the world was $2,000. Stricken in 1840 with hopeless insanity as the result of severe illness, Mrs. Thackeray had since led a lovingly sheltered and not unhappy life. She had taken an interest and pleasure in the things about her, and especially delighted in music, for which she retained a remarkable faculty. Her husband's life-long sorrow was borne with the noblest fortitude. Writing to a friend years after his home was thus broken up, he said: "Though my marriage was a wreck, as you know, I would do it over again, for behold love is the crown and bottle-holder. This should be served in the same manner as raspberry or currant shrubs.

Always So.

When weather prophets prophesy
A winter cold and drear,
Be sure a winter soft and warm
Is swiftly drawing near.

Only British Workingmen Benefited

St. Louis Globe-Democrat:—There is not a section in the Wilson bill that will add a cent to the wages of any American workingman, but there are many sections that will have the opposite effect.

BRET HARTE'S DAUGHTER

THE VERY CLEVER CHILD OF VERY CLEVER PARENTS.

She is a Beautiful Girl and Said to be a Genius by Those Who Know Her and Her Work.

Jessamy Harte, the eldest daughter of Bret Harte, is only 21. Her mother was a Miss Griswold, of California, a clever and gifted girl, with great linguistic and musical accomplishments. Bret Harte's two eldest children, both of them boys, were born in San Francisco. The Hartes then moved to New York, and it was there Jessamy and her sister Ethel were born.

The family at present is living at Plainfield, N. J., where for a number of years the married sister of Bret Harte has had a lovely old-fashioned residence, though early in the spring they all go over to London to join Mr. Harte, whose permanent residence is in England. They will make their home abroad, Mr. Harte's interests being largely centered there.

Brought up in an atmosphere of refinement and cultivation, little Jes-

MISS JESSAMY HARTE.

samy Harte developed a fondness for music and the drama, and also was a great reader, but never over fond of school books.

When a very little girl, indeed, she used to draw funny images and the pictures of queer children on the margin of the leaves of all her books. She was a dreamer. She would sit for hours perfectly quiet when a little child, absorbed in thoughts all her own. Of a sudden, she would ask for pencil and paper. The "thoughts" would then appear thereon in the shape of bouquets of roses, jessamine and English violets, or else pictures of pretty children, always made with wings. These children she called "the angels." One very amusing point in the construction of these angels was their pinafores and little straw bonnets, for little Miss Harte believed that angel children might be cold just like any other children.

Miss Harte's work has been "the straw of the genius." Until last winter she has had no regular instruction. Like her father, she is a bit erratic in her work. Sometimes she will not touch a pencil for weeks at a time. Again she will plunge into some study or another with a great zest.

She had her first drawing lessons at a little private school in Plainfield. Looking at her sketches, Mrs. Harte, whose own artistic sense is a good one, begged Jessamy to devote her time to careful study of whatever particular line of drawing she felt she should most like to become proficient in. Her cousin, Prof. Ernest Knauft, an artist of some note, also saw great promise in the crude little sketches and encouraged her.

But the prettiest things Miss Harte has done have been purely the work of her untrained imagination. George Wharton Edwards, with whom she has studied somewhat, says she is a genius. "Everything she has done thus far has been the work of a genius, not that of the student. She has a wonderful future before her if she will but apply herself." He spoke to me particularly of her eye for color, saying there were few artists whose life had been spent in the careful study of the difficult blending process who attained more perfect results, Miss Harte having the natural gift for producing these effects.

The first thing of any importance done by her was her illustrations of "Camp Life in the Adirondacks" a year ago. Since then she has been rapidly rising into prominence.

Last winter her work consisted chiefly of head and tail pieces and initial letters, for all of which she found a ready market.

Several of the covers of the Christian Union (The Outlook) were designed by her. But her forte will undoubtedly be figures, the pose of her girls being simply perfect in their grace. She will probably spend next season studying in Paris.

In appearance Miss Harte is a beauty. She is tall and graceful, with a remarkably fine carriage. Her head, small and exquisitely shaped, is, perhaps, a trifle imperious in its pose. She has blue eyes, set under heavy, straight black brows. Her coloring is the daintiest pink and white. Her neck and arms are perfectly molded, and she has beautifully shaped hands and feet. Her teeth are very small and white. Perhaps the greatest beauty of her face lies in the shape of her mouth, which is said by artists to be absolutely perfect.

Linked to her personal beauty Miss Harte has a great deal of magnetism. There is a touch of sadness in her temperament. She, too, has nothing of the Bohemian about her. She is a beautiful, sensitive girl, with a future of great promise before her, provided that she is willing to work.

—Rheumatism racks the system like a thumbscrew. It retreats before the power of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood.

BRIEF NOTES.

Fifty-six of the one hundred medical missionaries in China are women.

The Book of Job is generally believed by eminent Biblical scholars to be the oldest in the Bible.

It is estimated that there are still 800,000,000 people in the world to whom the gospel of Christ is not preached.

Latest statistics show that the Y. M. C. A. thrives in 5,158 centers, and has a total registered membership of 407,515.

The Epworth League has nearly twelve thousand charters, and 8,000 members have been added in about four years and a half.

The self-denial week of the Salvation Army in Canada resulted in the collection of $22,000, being an increase of nearly $5,000 above that of last year.

Use of Chanberries.

Cranberries are abundant this year, and should take the place in the cuisine which has been given over to apples in the past, these being few and high priced this season. All fruits have a medicinal value, and the cranberry ranks as an antiscorbutic. It is a blood cleanser; bruised and heated, not cooked, they have a beneficial effect on bad humors. One cut in half and bound on a corn will cure it in one or more applications. It will be equally efficacious in the case of nipples on the breast. As an article of food the cranberry is too little known. Many families know it only in the form of sauce, but it may be served in many other ways. A cooling, refreshing drink may be made by boiling the berries in water, double the measure of berries. Boil until the juice has been thoroughly extracted, sweeten with one-half pound of sugar to the pint of juice and bottle hot. This should be served in the same manner as raspberry or currant shrubs.

Division of Sects.

Not counting the 150 separate and independent congregations having no denomination creed or connection, there are 148 distinct bodies of Christians in the United States. These all stand aloof from one another for various reasons, real or imaginary. As some one has rather humorously expressed it, a person who wants to join the church may "he six kinds of an Adventist, seven kinds of a Mennonite, twelve kinds of a Presbyterian, thirteen kinds of a Baptist, sixteen kinds of a Lutheran, seventeen kinds of a Methodist, ——more kinds of an Episcopalian,"

WHAT, WHEN, WHO, ETC.

Pray, what did T. Buchanan Read?
At what did E. A. Poe?
What volumes did Elizur Wright?
And where did E. P. Roe?

Is Thomas Hardy nowadays?
Is Rider Haggard pale?
Is Minor Savage? Oscar Wilde?
And Edward Everett Hale?

Was Laurence Sterne? was Hermann Grimm?
Was Edward Young? John Gay?
Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright?
And why was Thomas Gray?

Was John Brown? and is J. R. Green?
Chief Justice Taney quite?
Is William Black? R. D. Blackmore?
Mark Lemon? H. K. White?

Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?
John Suckling yeaty? Pray,
Was Hogg much given to the pen?
Are Lamb's Tales sold to-day?

Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time?
Did C. D. Warner? How?
At what did Andrew Marvell so?
Does Edward Whymper now?

What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke?
Or Richard Boyle beside?
What gave the wicked Thomas Paine,
And made Mark Akenside?

Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all?
Did Richard Steele, I ask?
Tell me, has George A. Sala suit?
Did William Ware a mask?

Does Henry Cabot Lodge at home?
John Horne Tooke what and when?
Is Gordon Cumming? Has G. W.
Cabled his friends again?

—Mary Packard Rollins, in Good Housekeeping.

USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW.

If irons be rough and sticky rub them on fine salt sprinkled on a board.

Fine china should be washed in warm water. Hot water cracks the enamel.

A spoonful of vinegar put into the water in which meats or fowls are boiled makes them tender.

Lemon stains on cloth may be removed by washing the goods in warm soapsuds or in ammonia.

The rubber rings of preserve jars will recover their elasticity if soaked for awhile in weak ammonia water.

Silver should be washed in the hottest water, with a little soda in it, wiped dry and polished with a chamois skin.

Iron your towels on both sides. They are more agreeable to use when smoothly laundried, and when polished give a tinge of thoroughness to your housekeeping.

When anything boils over in the oven it should be allowed to burn to a char, as it may then be easily scraped off and brushed out. After this the oven should be thoroughly aired.

Many mothers are in the habit of lecturing a child for yawning. This is a mistake, for yawning is most healthful, as it sets a number of muscles at work which would otherwise have very little exercise.

A FAMILY LIKENESS.

Two Portraits of Two Royal Germans Placed Together.

Here are two pictures which tell their own story. One is of Frederick the Great, the other is of the little German Crown Prince. The picture of Frederick is from

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

the well-known drawing by Chodowiecki, and that of the Crown Prince is from his latest photograph. The likeness between the two is not only amusing, but it is deeply interesting, because there is no very great similarity of feature, but a

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

curious-looking similarity of expression between the two faces, that of the great soldier-king at the height of his renown and the fresh-faced prince.

TO "CHRISTIE."

Dear Christie, though we've never met
To view each other's face,
And see if smiles shall beautify,
And lend a charming grace;

But by the written page our faith
Is made to live alone,
And we are living trustingly—
Calling each the other's own.

There's something whispers, tho' unseen,
That gladdens both our hearts,
And we may victims be, ere long,
Of Cupid's piercing darts.

FRANK M. BEVERLY.

Clintwood, Va.

*An unknown correspondent.

The Czar's Strength.

A story which has been told of more than one Russian, is revived by a St. Petersburg correspondent. At a little station not far from St. Petersburg, the czar, as the story runs, made a somewhat longer stay than he had originally intended, and feeling hungry he partook of some simple food at the buffet. Meanwhile the little daughter of the mayor presented the empress with a bouquet, the flowers of which were hastily gathered from private hothouses in the neighborhood. The stalks being still damp and dirty, the empress, visibly embarrassed, hesitated for a moment to soil her gloves by taking the bouquet, whereupon the czar clinched the matter by selling one of the heavy pewter dishes on the table and twisting it as if it were paper, made a neat covering for the stalks. The story has at least verisemblance, as the czar's muscular strength is undoubtedly abnormal.

In Natural History.

Bobby—Pop, what has giraffes got such long necks for?

Pond Parent—God gave them their long necks so that they could reach the leaves of the palm, which only grow at the top of the tree. That is the only way they can get at them.

Bobby (after a pause)—Couldn't he have made the leaves grow lower down.—Puck.

Ouida's Dresses.

The novelist Ouida is decidedly plain looking, about fifty years old and "overdresses shockingly." She drives on the fashionable thoroughfares in Florence every bright day, a gay picture against the turquoise blue satin of her smart brougham, in an orange-colored batiste, much trimmed with lace, and a black guipure mantilla.—London Sun.

To Study Irish.

Herr Munch, of Vienna, the celebrated linguist, whose knowledge of European languages is not surpassed by that of any one now living, has gone to Ireland to learn Irish. At present he is residing in Dublin, and is taking lessons from the Professor of Irish at Trinity College.

Always Willing to Oblige.

Dashaway—Old man, can't you dine with me to-morrow night?

Stuffer—Certainly, old fellow; but you will have to make it 8 o'clock.

Dashaway—Why so late?

Stuffer—I have another dinner at 6.—Puck.

Every Man Should Read This.

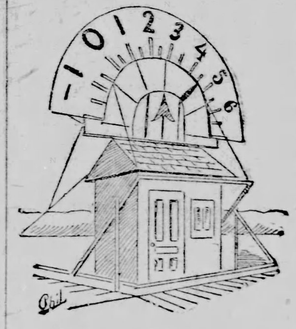
If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Address Mr. Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

TO HELP HARDY SEAMEN.

By This New Device They Can at Once Tell How the Tide Is.

The United States Coast and Geodetic survey has established a tide indicator on the edge of the wharf at Fort Hamilton, in New York bay, which, when once understood, is likely to be of much value to vessels of all kinds passing in and out of the harbor.

Any one passing through the Narrows may notice at the foot of the wharf at Fort Hamilton a small wooden building, inside of which the self-registering gauge is kept, and over which the tidal indicator is displayed. The latter appears as a large semi-circle, with its diameter resting on the roof of the tide-house. The



THE INDICATOR.

outer circular edge of the semi-circle is divided into spaces by means of heavy black lines which can be readily seen from the deck of a vessel passing at any point in the Narrows. These divisions are numbered by figures in black, so large that they can easily be read by the aid of an ordinary marine glass from the greatest distance possible for passing vessels. These figures indicate the height of the tide in feet, and the shorter division lines show half feet. A pointer turning about the center of the circle, sweeps along the inner edge of the graduations, as the hand of a clock moves over the dial, only that in this case it moves toward the right, or clock-wise, when the tide is rising, and toward the left when it is falling. At any moment the pointer indicates the depth of water above or below the plane of reference used in constructing the charts issued by the survey, which is that of mean low water. At extreme low water the surface of the sea is lower than this plane, and the indicator shows this by pointing on the left of the zero line—toward the minus sign shown near the edge of the semi-circle. An arrow-head placed in the center of the disk is made to point up as long as the tide is rising and down when it is falling.

It is contemplated to extend the usefulness of this indicator should it meet with the approval of the maritime community, by the establishment of a telegraph connection with the Maritime Exchange and with Sandy Hook, so that displays may be made at these points. The cut shown herewith will enable any one to understand the operation of this device. It shows a rising tide at 4 6-10 feet.

ROLLICKING BLADES.

More Possible Stage Elevation.

O Lilkuklalani!
If times continue bad,
You might knit up a "Johnny,"
With lots of cash, egad,
And with him go a-starring,
To elevate the stage;
The prize-ring's choicest sparring
Would not be such a rage.

Leave out the Anglo-Saxon—
For "local color" seek—
And with great Peter Jacksor
Recover from your pique.
With you a-doing Topsy,
And Pete as Uncle Tom,
You'd make your Grover Popsy
Think things again upbroah.

"Time!"

"What is the charge against this prisoner?" asked the judge.

"Vagrancy," was the reply.

"Well, prisoner, what have you been doing lately?"

"Nothing, your honor."

"That's not right. You'll be doing something to-morrow."

"What will I be doing, your honor?"

"Time. Six weeks. Next!"

A "Settler."

"I don't see your husband with you as much as when you were in your honeymoon," said the clergyman, as he met an occasional attendant at his church. "Has he grown cool?"

"Nor if what you preach be true," she said, coyly. "He is dead."

Hard Times, Indeed.

"You've heard how bad the smallpox is in our vicinity, I suppose," said one woman to another.

"Terrible," was the reply. "And so many die, too."

"Yes, that is the pitiful part. We cannot have even the pleasure of attending the funerals."

Cooking Onions.

"Here is a paragraph which says that the best way to cook onions is to roast them."

"That is wrong. The best way is to roast the eater."

From Grip to Carpet-Bag.

Oh, ex-Queen Lil has lost her grip,
And likewise much of her old swagger;
But she might take a foreign trip—
And thus become a carpet-bagger.

Change is Lack of Change.

"I see the people who voted for a change at the last national election do not like that change, now they have got it," said Jones.

"No," said Bones. "It is not the kind of change that jingled in their pockets during the era of Republican prosperity."

A Perfect Brick.

"What's the matter with your hand?"

"I hit a man."

"Who?"

"Jim Higgins."

"You shouldn't have got into a fuss with such a good fellow as he is. He's a perfect brick."

"I thought so when my fist hit him."

To Keep His Trousers Company.

"I don't see you with young Wenham any more," said one of the smart set.

"No," said the slangy young woman, who was known as a decided anglomaniac, "I turned him down."

"Why so?"

"Oh, because his trousers were always turned down, don't you know, and he looked so awfully lonesome."

Should Not be Encouraged.

"I see a man in Baltimore claims that chickens have a language, and understand each other, when they cluck, crow, sing, and so on."

"Yes? But I don't think any efforts should be made to translate the language into English."

"Why not?"

"Because we already have foul language enough of our own."

"Gaining Ground."

"Are you gaining ground in your matrimonial desires?" asked Quaggs.

"Gaining ground!" echoed Waggs. "That's a good joke, perhaps. Of course I am. I proposed to Miss Clay last night, and was accepted. Gaining ground, indeed! Clay is the ground for me."

Touching Lines.

She touched me. In the twilight dim
I stood a moment by her side
Admiring her so sweet and prim.
And loving her with honest pride.
She touched me. With a feverish rush
The blood into my face did flow.
My heart beat fast, then sank in hush.
Because she touched me for a V.

Was It the Chicago River?

"I have been drinking from the River of Fancy," said the poet, as he threw a manuscript on the editor's table.

"Yes?" responded the editor, picking up the verses and glancing them over.

"I hope they have a strong flow," he added, as the editor's eye neared the bottom of the page.

"Oh, the flow is all right," the editor remarked, grimly, as he reached the end of the effusion; "but, before you drink from the river again, I should advise you to boil the water."

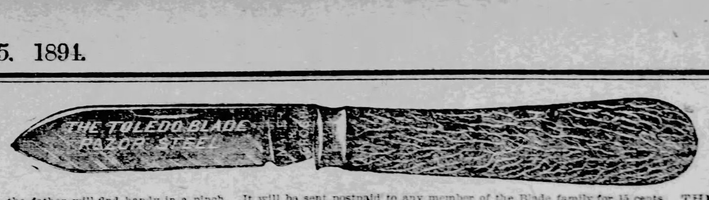
Let Them Unite.

Mr. W. T. Stead, writing in the Young Men's Era, favors a union of the Young Men's Christian Association with the Young Women's Christian Association. He says: "To judge from the way in which some good people talk you would think that if they had been God Almighty they would have had all the boys born in one family, and all the girls in another; but somehow the Creator did not fix it up that way, and I think we ought to respect his judgment."

That Boreal Boston Girl.

She—Did you put the hot water bottle in the sleigh under the Boston girl's feet?

He—Oh, yes; and when we got back the water was frozen solid.—Life.



The blade in this knife is hand-forged from razor steel, and a better material or temper goes into a $3 razor. The handle is metal, representing stag. Its weight is 3½ ounces. Although a good knife for a Blade boy or girl, a good pattern or kit can be had for a man. Every one of the

the father will find handy in a pinch. It will be sent postpaid to any member of the Blade family for 15 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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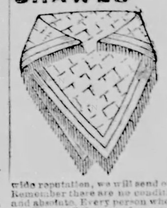

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WOES OF NOTHING TO WANT.

Nothing to do but race;
Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes;
To keep one from going nud

Nothing to breathe but air;
Quick as a flash it's gone;
Nowhere to fall but off;
Nowhere to ride but on.

Nothing to comb but hair;
Nowhere to sleep but in bed;
Nothing to weep but tears;
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs;
Ah! well; alas! alack!
Nowhere to ride but out;
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights;
Nothing to quench but thirst;
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus through life we're accursed.

Nothing to strike but gain;
Every wheel moves that goes;
Nothing at all but common sense
Can withstand the racer's woes.
—Kansas City Times.

HOME TALKS.

VOICES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE OF CHARACTER.

Changing With the Climate and the Social Environment—Voices of Blaine and Ingersoll.

The keynotes of the nature of individuals may be struck in innumerable ways by those persons who have given time and study to the matter. Trifles, that make no impression upon the ordinary, careless onlooker of people and events, to such a student discloses character with almost unerring certainty. He will separate the true from the false without hesitation; will detect the genuine or the counterfeit in what has no meaning to another, and can build with precision upon the strength or weakness of the action under any given set of circumstances. And next to the voice of the higher self or what we name intuitive perceptions, this ability to judge of people through physical or mental characteristics is valuable.

Voices in speech have always had for me especial significance. When a person speaks, whether within range of my vision or not, I always fancy that I can tell what manner of individual the tones belong to, and I do not think I am often deceived. It seems to me that there is a note which betrays the self, no matter how careful the effort for its concealment. Because of this feeling of my own, an article in the January Arena entitled "The Voice as an Index of the Soul," I found of great interest.

The writer was blind from infancy through a blundering physician's mistake, and therefore, sound, and not sight, taught him what the world is like. It was filled with creatures of sound, and when, later on, through touch, he endeavored to acquire a knowledge of form, it was an exceedingly difficult thing for him to do. His likes and aversions, his loves and hates were all formed from what the voice-tones said, and rarely indeed was he mistaken. He relates the story of his distrust of a beautiful woman whom he met when but five years of age. Her voice was musical, in his own words, "a warm, passionate, liquid voice that told of a deep emotional nature, and yet when that voice spoke to my soul, there was something in it false and treacherous—something that told me more plainly than words, that the owner's life had no place beside mine." One day he asked permission to feel of her face, and the exquisitely molded features with the delicate texture of the skin, upon which was the warm, rich lifeglow, convinced his sharpened senses that she was beautiful. He thought his ears had told him a lie, and wondered if God would be angry with his ears for thus lying. And then comes the meaning words: "But, alas! It was the touch, and not the ears that lied to me."

I do not think in reality voices ever are false. It is the superficial listening that sometimes betrays one. There is a type which is very apt to lead the judgment astray. This writer speaks of them as "seductive voices." They are capable of the most subtle and varying modulations. Generally they are baritones, and almost always they belong to men who are both emotional and sensual." He says he has found them as a rule "false in a measure, kindly in impulse, passionate in the extreme, and intellectually above the average of their fellows." The majority of us are won in the beginning by these voices, and do not detect until later the false note therein.

Few people carry their study of voices as far as the author of this article. He was naturally led to this means of reading human nature, because the world of light was so completely shut away from his perceptions. His endeavor to discover whether there is a typical American voice as well as accent is interesting. Without considering peculiarities of pronunciation, he refers simply to the quality of the tones which reveals the characteristics of the people, or as he puts it, what their souls are feeling. Briefly, the following are some of his conclusions, and whether agreeing with him or not, they are, to say the least, curious: In Maine, he says, the voices are "somewhat harsh and nasal, energetic and full of bright, intellectual life, but rather devoid of tenderness and kindly feeling," the latter not as true of the women as of the men. The Boston voice is a mezzo-soprano, clear, with a certain element of kindliness; a little too self-assertive, but cultivated and full of strength of purpose. In New York he finds another type. The voice of the business man there is full of life, with a sort of snap to it, enunciation rapid; courteous but every tone conveying the idea that he means "business" in all of the affairs that challenge his attention. He does not tell us of the women of Gotham, but of those of Chicago he says their voices are clear and sweet, healthy, kindly, and though not quite tender enough, yet speaking loyalty and truth.

When he comes to the sunny Pacific slope he grows enthusiastic. Voices there seem "to speak to us as though they had caught the spirit of the golden sunshine." In Texas the men's voices impress one as brusque and harsh at first, but this wears off and you feel the kindly hospitality and pleasant thought. The same is true of Texan women.

Passing to New Orleans he finds the tones of the men languid, somewhat musical, but with a fire of passion concealed therein. "There is a want of high and noble purpose; these are not the voices of men of whom saints and martyrs were made." The voices of the younger women are beautiful, kittenish, tender, as soft and sweet as the balmy breezes that fan their cheeks." He thinks the voices of the Georgians express the most hospitality, manliness, and straight-forward purpose of any of the Southern types.

Speaking of individual voices the writer finds that of James G. Blaine one of the finest America has ever produced. When in full vigor, "it was clear as a silver bell; rich in color as a golden sunset; ever and anon proud and imperious, and again tender as a mother's while caressing her child; above all it was full of frank, hearty kindness." That of Robert G. Ingersoll "partakes of Western freedom; it is musical, full of the deepest pathos, and at the same time, strongly combative. It is also honest.

One thing is true of Americans in a general way. We do not sufficiently cultivate the voice. Even though we fail to discover the real man through his speech, yet there is no one but is affected pleasantly or unpleasantly by its tones. I remember not long since, when worn mentally and physically, stepping into a street car, feeling as I sat down in that state that turns the world into a howling wilderness. Presently I heard a voice speaking at a little distance from me. It was pitched upon a low key, but every note was rich and musically vibrant. I found myself listening as to a strain of melody. Not a word reached me, at least, so as to touch my consciousness, but the effect of the flowing, varying tones was soothing and restful, and before I reached home, the "wilderness" feeling had departed. Such a voice as that is a valuable possession.

In view of such a power as this, the training of the voice for conversation alone has an importance rarely given. It should begin in childhood, and be continued side by side with the training of the intellect, then, whether it indexes nobility of soul, or has within a ring of falseness, it yet will not jar upon the physical being bringing a sense of physical discomfort, and even this is worth striving for.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

A Few More Timely Words About Nursing.

Some people who are untiring in their care and watchfulness while a patient is very sick, relax their vigilance so soon as they are considered "out of danger."

They are like a teamster who, having "scotched" the wheels of his wagon up a steep grade, pulls away the blocks before he is fairly "on the level;" the load slips back, and the work has all to be done over again.

A sick person must be well-advanced in the "plateau of convalescence," before the nurse's care lessens. They must be guarded against themselves, as well as against others, and their strength should never be estimated by their ambition.

It is very natural for one who has been shut in from seeing and hearing what is going on in their small world to over-exert themselves in their anxiety to "catch up" again.

On the other hand, the good friends and neighbors who have submitted gracefully to the "no admittance" sign while there was danger, think when a person is able to sit up: "Surely I may go in and see them; I won't stay too long, or talk too much, or do anything to hurt them."

And one, perhaps might not; but if Mrs. A. goes in, she is sure to tell Mrs. B. when she sees her, and if Mrs. B. is not admitted she feels hurt, and if she is admitted Mrs. C., D., E. and all the rest troop in after her, and the patient has a relapse which no one can account for.

There is no rule to be followed, however, in this matter, for while one person thrives on "company" and enjoys two or three callers a day, another tires with one, or even with too much conversation among members of her own family. It is a case where previous experience and good judgment must rule.

A convalescent needs food often, when they hardly know what they want; or when they refuse it fearing to make extra trouble for the nurse; that is something to learn; to discriminate between such times, and those other times when the mere mention of food sickens them.

It is not necessary to keep a patient on a diet of "sweet slops" as a certain invalid contemptuously designates tapioca, oat-meal, gelatine and other like preparations to be eaten with sweetened cream. Any wholesome food, well-cooked and not too hearty for a digestion that cannot be aided to any extent by exercise, is suitable for a convalescent, and no doubt every householder knows how to suit the taste of her particular "sick folk" in this respect; but whatever is given them, it must be daintily served, and, if it is supposed to be eaten hot, have it piping hot when you carry it to them; it will cool fast enough after they commence eating, and if their appetite is not very good, a "smut" on dish or napkin, or a stickiness on the handle of fork or spoon will spoil the nicest cookery for them; and it will be the same if they have to wait, even so few minutes over the time when they expect, and should have, their meal.

This will seem "finicky" to a hearty person by whom such trifles would never be noticed, but to an invalid, one whose vigor is barely equal to the task of living, and whose whole interest centers in this food, as the means of giving back his strength, mole-hills are mountains, and a delayed lunch a matter of importance.

Nursing is largely a labor of love, or should be; for the most skillful of trained nurses cannot do for us what one of "your own," prompted by love and a desire to help us can do.

Remember that; be patient with their fretfulness; bear with their whims, make them think the care you take of them is no care, but a pleasure; keep a cheerful face before them and have always a cheery ring in your voice; it can be done if you really try, and will have a better effect on your invalid than all the stereotyped words of encouragement to be thought of; and may success attend your efforts.—L. A. F.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

A Few Words Among Ourselves—They Are Very Instructive.

About Darning.

For years I've read the good old Blade, and when the "guid man o' the house" brings it, I always turn eagerly to the Household page, knowing there is a feast of good things; but never, no never, have I found anything that did me quite so much good as Miss Bouton's dissertation on darning stockings. It was the one touch of nature "that made us kin," and I enjoyed it so keenly I read it twice without stopping. To think that our Queen of the Household should have the same weakness—no, that isn't the word, for my feelings upon the subject are too strong to be called a weakness—well, then, that she should feel the same disgust for the homely work that I've always felt, was almost too good to be believed.

I, too, used to have a dear old mother who would relieve me of the dreaded task; and how I'd wash dishes, milk, churn—any of the things girls are not anxious to do, while she darned the stockings.

My Sophonisba, in the person of a dear, kind sister-in-law, comes sometimes and carries off the basketful of the remains of stockings worn by my two hopefuls; but as she has her own household to look after, these helps are rare; yet because of them I rise up and call her blessed.

But, sure as the return of the seasons, relentless as fate, and wearisome as the idle gossip of a neighbor; when the weekly wash is to be put away, there stands the basket with those awful holes to be closed by careful stitches, and what doleful sighs weld up from the bottom of my heart when I think of the time spent over the vexatious things while an unread paper or new book lies in sight.

But the task will never seem quite so hard again, lightened as it will be by the thought of sympathy of one whom I have always admired so much.

Jesting aside, dear sisters of the Household, darning stockings will never seem quite the disagreeable task it has seemed heretofore, because of the bright elevating thoughts Miss Bouton has woven into her homily. With her usual happy faculty, she has almost idealized the work. As the thoughts on "character darning" will fill our minds while our needle fills the holes in our stockings.—Nelia M.

Many, many thanks to Nelia M., for her appreciative, encouraging words.—Ed.

A New Year's Resolution.

Everything in the Household is of interest to me, and those dear girls in the Merry-Go-Round are making their corner bright. I especially fancied the article on church work, and the letter written by A. M. W., on choosing the "better part." I have read many good books, and have commenced reading the Bible through for the second time, finishing the story of Joseph to-day, with more interest than I ever felt in it before. I want to try to be a better and wiser wife and mother, this year; to try to do more for others, and for my own improvement, so that 1884 may indeed prove to be A Happy New Year to all around me.—Obedience.

Who Not to Marry.

A young girl should never marry a sedate, elderly man, who is merely in search of a wife, and thinks that she will "do" as well as another. At least try them by asking them to wait a year or so; if they want you they will wait; if they simply want a wife, they will find some one who is ready to marry at once. It is a common thing for men to declare their willingness to die for the girl of their choice, but the essential point for her to discover is whether or not they are willing to live honest, loving, industrious lives for her. If there is one man in the world whom you love better than all others, never marry any one else; if you can not have him, you had better remain single; it is no disgrace to be "an old maid." They are usually the very best of women, and have greater opportunities for usefulness than many married women. If you are a Christian, do not marry an unbeliever, it is against the law of God and Christ, and whoever violates that law can not expect the Divine blessing. Do not imagine that you can convert him by marrying him; in a few cases this has been successful, but it is a dangerous experiment, and if a man can not be touched by the sufferings of Christ he will make a hard, cruel husband.—Experience.

SOME NEW FANCY WORK

To be Done by Household Members Who Have Taste and Industry.

Scarf for Picture Frame.

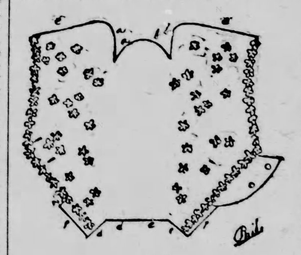
Get a piece of heavy blue or salmon pink silk a yard long. Make ends for the scarf of white moire crossed by gold braid to form diamonds. In every other diamond paint or embroider some conventional flower of colors to harmonize with the scarf. Across the ends put heavy fringe. The braid should be sewed

on very carefully in straight lines, as uneven diamonds would give an amateur careless look to it that would destroy the effect.

Baby's Shoes.

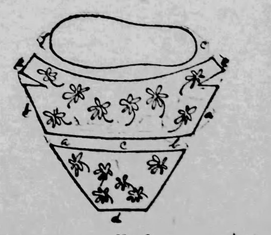
From that bright paper the Household Realm the following description of baby shoes is taken for the benefit of inquirers:

Cashmere or silk is suitable for Fig 1, but kid or chamois is better. Long tops of old kid gloves can be used. Diagram 1 represents the edge as embroidered in forget-me-nots, but small scallops in buttonhole stitch are simpler for everyday use. Cut



No. 1.

pattern of suitable size from Fig 1; line it and finish as represented in diagram, with buttonhole stitch. On the wrong side take a seam from the flap down to the toe, f, f. Next sew d. d, and e, e. Seam c, c, then a, a, and b, b. The seams should be taken in the outside first. Put the lining together in the same way and hem it carefully over the seams; work buttonholes and sew buttons on the flap. If preferred, the flap can be left off, and the shoe laced with baby ribbon through eyelet holes. If one chooses to ornament as in diagram, embroider the flower with pale blue silk with a knot of yellow in the center. In cutting the pattern allow for seams, except at f, f.

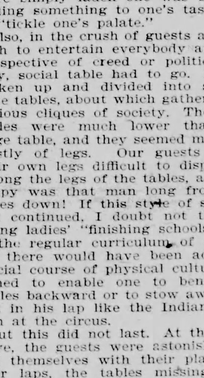


No. 2.

It is a little more work to fashion Fig. 2, still it is quite easily made. Embroider the violets solid with silk. Use the same material as in Fig. 1. Put the outside together as shown in diagram. Seam the lining in the same way; put the two together and bind the top with baby ribbon. Fasten with ribbon through eyelet holes, e, e. Notice that the upper is broader across the toe than the sole. When sewing in the sole, begin at the toe where the corner is square, and sew around the sides and back. Gather the fullness on the upper, d, across the toe of the sole, d. Should you use cloth, the sole may be stiffened with cardboard.

Pretty Table Mat.

The center is made of a square of velvet. Upon this baste a piece of the canvas used for the cross-stitch embroidery and work some pretty pattern. Around the edge baste strips of the canvas and work a border. Cut



out a square of felt of a pretty color and enough larger than the velvet square to permit the cutting of the points shown in the illustration. Hem the velvet square to this and over the line of stitching sew gold braid. Cut out the points and work a small pattern upon each one, or use the colored beads for ornamentation. The result when done will be a very pretty mat.

Try for the prize offered for the best article upon fancy work sent in by March 1.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A Few Words About the Decadence of Comfort.

It is both pitiful and amusing in this day of much vaunted luxury and creature comforts to note the infinite pains we take to go out of our way to be uncomfortable. In no instance is this more marked than in the modern methods of entertaining and being entertained. The time was when to be bidden a guest to the house of one's friend, kindled a warm glow of anticipation. There was the cordial clasp of the hand at the parlor door, and the easy chair by the fire for the last comer, and, greatest of all, the pleasant atmosphere of minds congenial. There was the dainty table in the adjoining room, with a plate for each guest and elbow room besides, and whether the table "groaned with the weight of the feast" or was more simply laden one was sure of finding something to one's taste and to "tickle one's palate."

Also, in the crush of guests and the wish to entertain everybody at once, irrespective of creed or politics, the rosy, social table had to go. It was broken up and divided into several little tables, about which gathered the various cliques of society. The little tables were much lower than the large table, and they seemed made up mostly of legs. Our guests found their own legs difficult to dispose of among the legs of the tables, and unhappy was that man long from the knees down! If this style of serving had continued, I doubt not that young ladies' "finishing schools" and the regular curriculum of college life there would have been added a special course of physical culture designed to enable one to bend his ankles backward or to stow away his feet in his lap like the Indian-made man at the circus.

But this did not last. At the next move, the guests were astonished to find themselves with their plates in their laps, the tables missing, and themselves ranged round the room with their backs to the wall like naughty school-children on old-fashioned benches. Now, the feats of the juggler would have found ready requisition—to hold one's plate nicely balanced on one's knee, to prevent one's cup of coffee from spilling into one's neighbor's lap, and, at the same time, to wield one's fork and spoon gracefully and to do justice to the viands set before one, an accomplishment not to be lightly set aside or despised. Possibly the sometimes-custom of bringing in upon each plate the allowance of each article made to each person, arose from the harrowing results likely to ensue, when in helping one's self, one gave freedom to the use of his arms, thereby loosing the grip on his cup, or letting his plate veer from its center of gravity. Possibly, too, this custom may have sprung from the socialistic tendencies of the age which would have all individuals share alike without regard to size or appetite.

And the contents of those plates—lobster salad and lemon jelly! olives and ice cream! Does every one care for lobsters? Not much! Is the old saying forgotten: "What is one man's meat is another man's poison?" Thrusting these dishes upon the helpless guest reminds me of an American's description of attending a "swell" Chinese dinner. His courtesy demande that he taste the dishes urged upon him, no matter if the mouth refused to open and the stomach rebelled, but, notwithstanding his good intentions, upon several choice tidbits, he was obliged hastily to excuse himself from the table. Perhaps it was necessary in a strange land, and entertained by foreign people to stretch courtesy to such desperate lengths, but among our own countrymen, our professed friends, it really seems to me ridiculously absurd to suffer martyrdom in such a pitiful cause. Poor struggling humanity, bending its best energies toward learning to eat olives! Do you suppose any one ever liked olives right on the start? Bulwer tells us in "Pelham," "The olive hath an under taste of sourness and an upper of oil, which do not make harmony to my palate," and people of late years have been thoroughly convinced of the accuracy of this definition. Yet, like the small boy who tries and tries again to learn to smoke because he has a mistaken idea that it is "smart," we persevere in our efforts to produce harmony where harmony is not.

But we left our guests with their chairs ranged around the dining room and their backs to the wall. Scarcely had they learned to accommodate themselves to this style of serving, when, presto, the chairs disappeared from under them, not leaving them comfortably seated, Turk-fashion upon the floor, but standing, bolt upright against the wall, plate in one hand, cup in the other. Even in the lunch room of a railroad depot, there is a counter to rest one's plate upon, but here in one's friend's house, surrounded by luxury on every side, one must submit to things that would provoke profanity in a 25 cent restaurant! It speaks much for the American's patience and long-suffering, but is it worth the while?

EMMA BENNETT.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Receive New Members With New Ideas.

Something New in Scrap-Books.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I saw an idea in a paper that I wish to give to you. It is a portrait scrap album. Cut out pictures of authors from newspapers and paste in a scrap book together with a quotation from some one of the author's books. This album is very interesting to a bookworm like myself and there seems to be a great many bookworms in our circle. Will some one please send me a quotation from one of Margaret Deland's books? Also one from Robert Elsmere to put with Mary A. Ward's picture. I have their pictures but as I have never read any of their books I have no quotations to put with them. I wish to correspond with Winnie Wayne and Semi-Mute if they are willing.—Delia.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—As Miss Bouton suggests a change of subject, and I think it's a good plan to give the "dear boys" a rest, after subjecting them to such cruel criticism, suppose we have a reception. Let each girl send a description of herself to the "Ed," and have them printed. Don't you think we would become better acquainted? And suppose too, "we girls" adopt a motto for our circle. What say ye all?—Nameless.

If those who wish to correspond will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the editor, the required address will be forwarded to them as soon as permission to do so reaches us from the "addressee," but no addresses can be printed in this column.

A Menu for the Literary Appetite.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I wish to ask "Ottile Ustagua" and "Willa" if they have read "The Fair God" and "Ben Hur," both by Lew Wallace, and Edna Lyall's "Knight Errant" and "In the Golden Days?" Longfellow's "Evangeline" and Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" and "The Merchant of Venice" are my favorite poems. And, girls, have you read Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's works? If not, then do so as soon as possible. Like "Ottile" I am not interested enough in the boys to describe my ideal. I am too great an admirer of such "old maids" as Louisa Alcott to trouble about the matrimonial question. I think it is too bad that young writers have to struggle so hard before acquiring a reputation. Let me hear your opinion on the subject.—Delayne.

A Difficult Question to Answer.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I have long been a silent admirer of this pleasant and entertaining column devoted to the girl readers of "Dear Old Blade," and now I beg leave to join you. I am an ardent admirer of David Copperfield, especially of "Agnes" and "Emily," but E. P. Roe is my favorite author, and "Dennis," in his "Barriers Burned Away," is my favorite character in fiction. I would like to ask a question, I have no mother or any one to go for council, and seek advice through The Blade. Is it right to receive the attention of a young man who once was very bad—that is he drank, etc., but has now joined the church and is striving very hard to live a better life? I am a young school-teacher and have my own living to make.—Eglantine.

A Caller From Tennessee.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds: — Here comes a girl from Tennessee to chat with her unknown friends awhile, and if I introduce myself as a reader of The Blade, I think we shall all be good friends at once. I see some of you describe your homes; I cannot do that, for since I left my beautiful childhood's home in Indiana, seven years ago, my father has never bought another.—Maud.

True Merit Wins Its Meed of Praise.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—In answer to Gladys, I would say if girls are worthy of praise and compliments, and show it by every outward action, by kind words to encourage the fallen and struggling, praise will come to them wherever they go, if they are kind and gentle to all.

Kathleen, I am the daughter of a veteran; wonder how many more of the girls are? I have longed for the time to come when I could be mistress of a school room, and trust it is not far distant. I am now doing crayon work in portrait, and intend to study landscape more fully soon.—Phoebe E.

A Country Girl Who Reads.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—My home is in the country, eight miles from the city. I have lots of house plants—some very choice ones. For reading we have one daily and four weekly papers, besides books from the free library in the city. I have read any number of books; those I like best are: "Beulah," "St. Elmo," "Ben Hur," "Monte Cristo," and "Hans Brinker." I like all of Miss Alcott's books, but do not like George Eliot; there is a vulgar strain running through her books which I think does more harm than good. I think the less one reads of such books the purer their thoughts will be.—Irene.

A Musical Merry-Go-Rounder.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—My ambition is to be a musician in every sense of the word. I am going to a musical college in two years. I wish "Hilda, Willa or some of the girls would name some of their instrumental pieces for our benefit. My favorite studies are etymology, algebra and arithmetic. I like to read good novels, but think Charlotte M. Breame's have too much of a sameness about them. How many of you have read "The Child's History of England," by Chas. Dickens?—Daisy Bell.

INQUIRIES.

A Point of Etiquette and Other Points.

After attending a reception and leaving a card is one expected to make another call as one would do after a party, dinner, etc. Also are you expected to send a card of acceptance to such an invitation.—Mrs. R. Z. S.

If you go and a card is left that is all that etiquette requires. The after call may be omitted.

Acceptance of an invitation—to a reception is not necessary. Of course if it is certain that you cannot attend a card should be sent, if possible, before the day.—Ed.

Will "Annie" tell me how much warp is required for 20 yards of rag carpet, and how much of the brown and green is needed to make the 11-inch stripes of brown, and the one-inch stripes of green? Also how she colors the green rags so that they will not fade? I want the warp close. —A. E. W.

I am a Western farmer's wife and make my own candles. Can any one tell me how to get them out of the molds after they have hardened? I have tried alternately freezing and dipping them into hot water, but they persist in breaking when I draw them out.—Leuchter.

Will some one send explicit directions through the fancy-work column for making an Afghan?—"Wambo."

Can any one tell me which king of England was "crowned on the battlefield?"—Chatauquan.

Does any one know of a society organized to find homes in private families for poor children? And is there an agent for the society in Montana? —Alex.

Can hops be raised successfully in Ohio, and how are they to be planted and cared for?—Dot.

ANSWERS.

"A Word Fitly Spoken."

If Maggie W. will send her patterns for crocheted and knitted lace to the fancy work department of The Blade we will publish them, but we cannot print addresses in this column.—Ed.

If Mrs. E. P. Summers will try the use of cream for her baby I am sure she will have no further trouble. Skim the cream from the night's milk to use through the day, and from the morning's milk to use through the night, taking great care not to dip in to the milk; thin the cream with pure water until it is as weak as she thinks the age of the child requires; sweeten to taste.—Beb.

Graham mush, cooked about ten minutes, and fed with or without a little new milk is a good baby-food. I think if Mrs. Summers will use it, she will be pleased with the result.—Rose.

Tell the lady inquiring for food for "baby" to parch wheat a nice light brown, and make coffee from it. She will find it will do well on it. Season with a little cream and sugar.—Mrs. J. E. C.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

THE EARLY AND LATER LIFE OF CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

She Was Born and Brought Up in Old Virginia—The Literary Work She Has Accomplished.

Four years ago a serial story appeared in the Century Magazine which attracted no small share of attention. It was entitled "The Anglomaniacs," and treated of the society of to-day with great success. There was no hint as to its authorship, until after it was published in book form, and then the announcement was made that to the pen of Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison the story owed its life.

Mrs. Harrison was born in Vaucluse, Fairfax county, Virginia, of an old family related to the Fairfaxes

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

and to Thomas Jefferson. She was still a happy young girl when the civil war broke out, and Fairfax county was occupied by the two armies confronting each other. The family silver was buried in the cellar, and the dear old home abandoned, to be soon razed to the ground to make room for a fort in the defenses of Washington. She saw much of the horrors of the war, and had a brother and many kinsmen in the fray.

Soon after the struggle was ended, Miss Cary went to Europe with her mother, seeing the Tuileries and the Empire in the glitter and show of Louis Napoleon's reign. Returning to the United States in 1867, she was married to Mr. Burton Harrison, a lawyer of Virginia, and a few years after they removed to New York, which has since been their home.

The beginning of Mrs. Harrison's literary work was a magazine story entitled "A Little Centennial Lady," which attracted considerable attention. This was followed by others that were equally popular, and in 1880 her first book appeared. It was named "Golden Rod," and then in rapid succession came "Helen of Troy" and "Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes." Others of her books are "Old Fashioned Fairy Book" and "Bric-a-Brac Stories." "Flower de Hundred" is a curious history of a Virginia family and plantation since 1650. "My Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Court, in Virginia" and "The Home and Haunts of Washington" are two more volumes from her pen.

Mrs. Harrison has also been a successful playwright. "The Russian Honeymoon" having had a run of many weeks at the Madison Square theater in 1883.

As said in the beginning, however, Mrs. Harrison owes her present position as one of the leading novel writers of the day principally to "The Anglomaniacs." Her style is an exceedingly finished one. She has a light touch, with now and then sparkles of wit, and though she keenly satirizes the follies of society, it is done in good nature. She likes to produce dramatic effects, and does it well, while her descriptions of nature are excellent.

Her home in the great metropolis is a social and literary center. In fact, her whole life has been passed in an atmosphere of culture and refinement.

RECIPES.

Some Rules for Drawing Out the Social Qualities of the Oyster.

Oyster Pie.

Make a nice crust, and lay in a deep dish; turn a teacup down in the middle of it; this will draw the liquor under it and prevent it from boiling over; it will also keep the upper crust of the pie from falling in, and becoming clammy. Lay in the oysters adding a little peper, butter and flour; make a wide incision in the upper crust and when the pie is nearly done, pour into it 1-2 tea cup full of cream or milk. Cover securely with crust and bake one hour. It should be baked as soon as it is filled or the under crust will be soggy. Use but little of the liquor.—Betsy.

Fried Oysters.

Lay them in a cloth for a few minutes to dry them, then dip each one in beaten egg, and then in sifted cracker crumbs, and fry in just enough fat to brown them, salting and peppering them before turning.—John's Wife.

Escalloped Oysters.

Butter a deep dish, and cover the bottom and sides with fine bread crumbs. Put in half the oysters, pepper and salt; cover them with bread crumbs and small pieces of butter; add the rest of the oysters and cover as before. Put in very little of the liquor. One quart of oysters should bake one hour.—Daisy.

The first delegation to the "Cooks' Congress" has arrived in the shape of five excellent recipes from H. P. The cook cannot share them with the Householders however, until the lady kindly sends her address, as the principal object of the congress is to ascertain the kind of diet in the different states, and to do this the name of town and state should accompany each list. We hope to hear from others soon, assuring every congressional delegate ample accommodations.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

IN BABY'S ROOM.

Little stocking, little shoes, with piles of small lingerie,
A little crib, with dainty spread, natty, neat and airy,
A little ball of sleeping life, of parent hopes and "may-be,"
A gentle tread of mother feet, and "Don't you wake the baby."

A little nap, a little yawn, a little stir and rustle,
A stretching out of little limbs, a growth of tender muscle,
A little smile upon the face of my little lad or lady,
A little noise half smothered, and—some one has waked the baby.

A little press of little hands, a little sound like laughter,
Or, fate forbid, a little cry, and what soon follows after;
But though a frown, or smile, or tear, or sad, or bright and gay be
The little one, 'twere well to heed this:—
"Don't you wake the baby."
—Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping.

GETTING CAUGHT.

It was Pinkie's work from beginning to end. If she had not been sitting out there that frosty morning watching George and Harmon set their trap, and if she had not fallen in love with the dear little, neat little, cosey little house which they left behind, and come closer and closer to look at it, she would not have been caught; and if she had not been caught, why, then—but I must not begin my story in the middle. Pinkie was a rabbit; this much you ought to know. She was named Pinkie, not so much on account of her pretty pink eyes, as because it suited the taste of her mistress to dress her in a wide band of pink satin ribbons.

Now, to go back, at least a month before New Year's Day the Hendersons came to the country to live. Yes, in midwinter, to the great grief of Emmeline, and not a little to the annoyance of her father and elder sister, though they said less about it. You see it was this way. They had a chance to sell their house in town if they could give immediate possession. They had not thought of doing this, though they were very anxious to sell. Mr. Henderson was a clerk in an office, and was far from well. His physician had told him if he could get into the country, and spend his leisure moments digging in the ground it might help him very much. After that Mrs. Henderson and the grown-up daughter, Laura, were eager to go. They did not say much about their reasons to Emmeline, because they said she was too young to be worried over father; so they let her worry over leaving school in the middle of a term, and going to the country where she knew no one, and dreaded the thought of entering a strange school after the holidays. It was all settled in a hurry. Mrs. Henderson and Laura had spent a day at Laurelton once last summer, when Laura had a day off—for she was also an office clerk—and had fallen in love with the beauty of hill, and wood, and fern. There was a lovely, rambling old house for rent very cheap, because it had fallen a good deal out of repair, and because the owner did not care to spend much money on improvements. They told Mr. Henderson much about it when they came home; for as early as last summer these two had begun to be anxious about "father."

He was interested in their story; he said he could tinker up the place if he had it; that he used to be very handy with tools, and liked nothing better than working with them. After awhile it began to be generally understood that some time in the early spring he and "mother" would go to Laurelton and look about them, and possibly rent the old place. Emmeline listened to the plans in an interested way, and quite liked saying to the girls that they "thought of going to the country for the summer." But going to the country for the winter was another matter. When Mr. Parker made his offer for the house, and added that he had the refusal of another, but liked this best, provided he could have it in ten days' time, the family agreed that such an opportunity was not to be lost, that they must board, or something, and let the house go. And greatly to Emmeline's dismay, the "something" had proved to be Laurelton.

Here she had been for three dismal weeks, "in a great bare-treed, snow-covered, sullen-looking stretch of country." So she wrote to one of the girls and was so homesick while she did so that the sheet was blistered in two or three places with tears. It really was harder for Emmeline than for the others. Laura and her father took the 8 o'clock train every morning for the city, and Mrs. Henderson and "Almiry Jane," as she called herself, were as busy as bees all day long getting the old house in order, and Emmeline had not a great deal to occupy either body or mind. She was not very strong and her mother would not let her lift much or stay in the cold or tire herself greatly in any way. And she would not, no, not for anything in the world, she said, allow Emmeline the desire of her heart—to go into town on the train to school.

"Wait until you are 15," she said; "that will be ample time to begin daily trips, if we are in the country then. Meantime, the school here is excellent; I inquired about it particularly. You need not begin until after the holidays, and by that time you will be a little acquainted with the young people."

But the holidays were upon them, almost over, indeed—for it was New Year's Day—and Emmeline was not in the least acquainted with anybody, and in five days school would open. All things considered, it was a very gloomy little girl who came downstairs on the snowy New Year's morning and hunted high and low for her one pet who had come from the city with her—dear Pinkie. In vain she called and set out tempting bits of Pinkie's breakfast and wandered through the snowy paths in search of her; Pinkie was nowhere to be found.

Perhaps it is no wonder that Emmeline came in, after an hour's fruitless search, and throwing herself on the wide old couch in the dining room, burst into a passion of tears. Between the sobs she managed to get out something like this:

"They've got her, I know they have, those great horrid boys who go by here almost every morning with their dead rabbits—mean, cruel, ugly wretches! They are great rough fellows, and they would just as soon kill Pinkie as not. Oh! what shall I do? I cannot live here in this dreadful place without my darling Pinkie."

Mrs. Henderson was as comforting as she could be, and Laura said she was almost certain she could find Pinkie; she would go out with her sister in a very little while and see. And Mr. Henderson said that he did not believe any boys would snare a tame rabbit; that the woods about were full of wild rabbits, and he thought probably some of the boys earned their school books by snaring them for the city trade. But Emmeline refused to be comforted. She told Laura that she was not going out again, there was no use in it; she had looked everywhere for Pinkie, and was sure she should never see her again. And she assured her father that if he had seen those great rough boys as often as she had, he would know that they were hateful enough for anything. She didn't care if they did earn school books by killing them; she would go without school books until she was an old woman without any teeth, before she would kill dear, darling little white rabbits to get them with.

"Emmeline, hush!" said Mrs. Henderson, at last, and she spoke quite sternly; "I am ashamed of you. We are sorry if Pinkie is really lost, which we hope she isn't; but you should not make our New Year's day miserable on that account; at least we are none of us to blame. Bring your self-control to bear upon it, daughter, and make the best of this, as well as any other trouble."

After this, though Emmeline murmured that there wasn't any "best" to it, and told "Almiry Jane" in confidence that she thought it was a perfectly-horrid place, and that she was glad she did not know any of the young people, because she was sure she should dislike them all, she shed no more tears, and made an effort to put the house in order for a gay family dinner. She had just finished laying the knives and forks on the dining table as she liked to see them, and was bemoaning to "Almiry Jane" the contrast between that New Year's day and the last one, when there came a knock at the door.

"For the land!" said Almiry Jane, looking in from the kitchen. "You open the door, won't you, Emmie? My hands is all in the suds." And Emmeline, who had a slight contempt for Almiry Jane, in company with all other country things and people, went forward and opened the door. There stood two of the "great rough boys," their faces aglow with the frosty air, and in the arms of one of them Pinkie herself.

"Good morning," said her caller, and he lifted his cap as though he had not been a country boy. "Is this your rabbit? She got caught in our snare; we are ever so sorry. We did not know there were any tame rabbits around. She isn't hurt a bit, but she is dreadfully scared, and we are afraid you have been worried about her."

"I was dreadfully worried," said Emmeline, and she could not help saying it a little stiffly. She held out her hands and Pinkie sprang into them, extremely glad to get away from the cunning house, which she had run away to examine.

"It is too awfully bad," said Harmon Welch. "George and I wouldn't have had it happen for anything. You see our snare is set as much as half a mile from here, and we did not know of your tame rabbit, anyway. But, of course, we wouldn't have killed her for anything."

"I should not think you would like to kill any kind of rabbits," said Emmeline; "they are such dear little innocent things. Haven't they as good a right to live as anybody has?"

"Well, as to that," said George, who had not yet spoken, "I don't suppose they have any better right than chickens, and lambs, and New Year's turkeys. You eat all such things, don't you? Rabbits are used for food, and their skins are valuable. Then they are so thick about here that if we do not kill some of them, I don't know but the farmers would have to give up."

"Just forgive us this time," put in Harmon merrily. "It is a dreadful way to get introduced, but we are glad to know you at last. We've been wanting to ever since you came. We wanted you to come to our frolic to-night, but I don't know as we should have gotten up courage to ask you if we hadn't had to come to bring your rabbit home. We're going to have a candy pull and lots of fun. Our sister Hannah is only a little older than you, I guess, and she is first rate at entertaining folks. If you will come, George or I will call for you at 7 o'clock, and father is going to take all the girls and boys home in the wood-sleigh at 10 o'clock."

Imagine how Emmeline felt, in view of all she had said about the boys. But "mother" and the rest helped her to get ready for a New Year's gathering in the country, and kept her courage up by reminding her that George and Harmon Welch lived in one of the pleasantest houses

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

MME. MODJESKA TO RETIRE.

The Famous Actress Will Quit the Stage After Next Season.

New York, Feb. 9.—Considerable interest has been manifested here in deramatic and social corcles over the announcement that Mme. Helena Modjeska, who is now playing Magda at the Fifth Avenue theater, intends to leave the stage at the end of next season. It is also said to be unlikely that she will appear in New York after her present engagement, which will end on Saturday night. She intends to return to Poland, her native country, and she may act occasionally there or elsewhere, but not regularly.

Mme. Modjeska is the Countess Bozenta. She has spent the most of her time in America since 1876, and though she is a foreigner by birth, she belongs, as an artist, far more to this country than to any other. She

MME. MODJESKA.

has a large estate in California. She began playing in English in San Francisco soon after her arrival in America, appearing first in Adrienne Lecouvreur. She was immediately successful. She appeared in New York at the Fifth Avenue theater, the next season, and ever since that time she has been extremely popular here and in all the other parts of the country she has visited. In the season of 1889-'90 she played with Edwin Booth, and they had a long engagement at the Broadway theater. Among her most important parts have been Beatrice, Viola, Imogen, Juliet, Rosalind, Ophelia, Julie de Mortimer, Mary Stuart, Camille, Frou-Frou, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Queen Katherine, Lady Macbeth, Isabella and Portia.

AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

The Kolbites and Populists of Alabama Name a Ticket.

Birmingham, Ala., Feb. 9.—The Jeffersonian Democrats, or Kolbites, and Populists held a joint state convention here yesterday, and formed an alliance against the State Democracy. As expected, the Kolbites renominated the Kolb state ticket, which was defeated in 1892, as follows:

For Governor—R. F. Kolb.
For Secretary of State—J. C. Fontille.
For Treasurer—Thomas K. Jones.
For Auditor—W. T. B. Lynch.
For Commissioner of Agriculture—The Rev. S. M. Adams.
For Superintendent of Education—J. P. Oliver.
For Attorney-General—Warren S. Reese Jr.

The Populists met first by themselves in Winnie Davis Wigwam, after an attempt by a small disaffected band of Populist purists to prevent the combination of Populism and Kolbism. The purists were denied seats in the convention, and a resolution to endorse and vote for the Kolb ticket was adopted by 1,000 delegates. The platform adopted included indorsement of the Omaha platform, a free ballot and fair count, opposition to the repeal of the ten per cent tax on state banks, and the establishment of a separate state for the negro race exclusively.

MISS GOULD WILL WED

In New York City on the Fourteenth of June Next.

New York, Feb. 9.—A relative of William Harriman, whose engagement to Miss Anna Gould, the second daughter of the late Jay Gould, has been known for several weeks, said yesterday that the marriage would take place on June 14. This statement sets at rest all doubt as to the engagement, and gives society a fresh morsel to fast over during the days of Lent.

Mr. Harriman is one of the sons of the late Rev. Edward Harriman. He is a member of the firm of E. H. Harriman & Co. At one time he was owner of the steam yacht Marguerite, but sold it last summer.

Miss Anna Gould is the fifth child of the late Jay Gould. Her share of her father's estate is estimated at about $12,000,000, and her income is placed at $800,000.

GERMANS DIVIDED OVER BEER.

Pastor Asked to Resign for Refusing Communion to Tipplers.

Springfield, O., Feb. 7.—The congregation of St. Luke's German Lutheran church, composed of the most prominent Germans in the city, is split in twain over the action of its minister, the Rev. Arthur E. Gringel. He has announced that he will not allow any church members who drink beer or other intoxicants to take communion unless they will promise to abstain from drinking. He lays particular stress upon beer, and as almost all male members of the congregation drink that beverage a big row has resulted. The Rev. Mr. Gringel has been asked to resign, which he refuses to do.

MARY LEASE WINS THE FIGHT.

Court of Kansas Says Lewelling Couldn't Bounce Her.

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 8.—Mrs. Mary Lease to-day won her case in the supreme court which decides that the governor cannot remove her as a member of the state board of charities, of which board she remains president.

The court was unanimous, the Populist member concurring with the two Republicans. The court holds that Governor Lewelling had no authority to appoint a successor to Mrs. Lease, who was appointed for a term of a year and confirmed by the Senate unless charges are preferred and sustained, and that J. W. Freeborn, who has been sitting with the board for several weeks, is a usurper.

CAPTURED BY THE REPUBLICANS.

Tariff Made the Issue and the Victory is Overwhelming.

Duluth, Minn., Feb. 7.—Ray T. Lewis, Republican, was elected mayor of Duluth yesterday by a majority of 2,230 in a total vote of about 10,000. The Republicans elected sixteen aldermen, which is a clean sweep. John Jeswold, nominated by the Democrats and Populists, did not carry a single ward. The fight was made a party one with the position of Major Baldwin on the tariff question as an issue. The present city administration is Democratic.

ASSENT TO REORGANIZATION.

A Majority of the Nicaragua Company's Stockholders.

New York, Feb. 10.—Mr. John R. Bartlett, chairman of the reorganization committee of the Nicaragua Canal Construction company, said yesterday that holders of 92,500 shares of stock had assented to the plan of reorganization, and that the holders of more than 75,000 shares had deposited their stock with the Central Trust company.

Many of the shareholders have elected to pay the assessments, and in consequence more than $153,000 had been paid into the Trust company.

FOUND THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

John F. Ryan Brings News of the Long Lost Boat.

San Francisco, Feb. 9.—John F. Ryan, of San Francisco, claims that the long lost steamer Brother Jonathan has at last been found.

The Brother Jonathan was lost July 3, 1865, somewhere about 10 miles northwest of the Crescent city, with a loss of 147 passengers and crew. There was $1,000,000 in treasure on board, and a dozen parties have sought systematically for the sunken hull. Ryan is in this city and tells the story of his discovery of a wreck, which is substantiated by the ship's bricket, bearing the name Brother Jonathan in brass letters, which he picked up on the deck of the wreck.

"Several years ago while captain of a steamer running on Puget Sound, an old man named G. W. Hill hearing that I was a submarine diver told me that he was assistant engineer of the Brother Jonathan when she foundered and was one of 19 survivors of the disaster. He could take me to the scene of the wreck and was sure he could locate the exact spot where she went down. A few months ago he came to me again and I accepted his offer. After arriving in the vicinity of where the ship went down, we located her in a remarkably short time in several hundred feet of water. I went down to the vessel, walked across her deck and all around her. There was not light enough for me to see at all and I had to feel my way everywhere.

"Apparently the Brother Jonathan is in excellent condition and I have hopes of raising her. From what I learn the gold in the ship is locked up in different parts of the ship, and with the aid of light I anticipate no difficulty in locating it. In the spring I shall make preparations and recover the lost treasure."

ESCORTED OUT OF TOWN.

A Free Trade Speaker Needed Polic Protection.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 9.—The village of Gloversville has suffered more from the tariff agitation than any other manufacturing center in the state. Factories have been closed and wages cut down. Wednesday evening Thos. G. Shearman, the New York free trader, attempted to prove to the unemployed that the Wilson bill was framed in their interests. He was interrupted by questions put by intelligent wage earners as to certain statements he had made. When he was asked to answer the questions directly he gave no attention, but went on with his arguments.

When he declared that the present hard times were not due to fear of tariff changes, that the depression would soon be over, and that under the influence of the new tariff bill times would become more prosperous than ever, the audience broke loose, and the speaker was forced to leave the stage, followed by shots like these: "Go down South and talk to the ex-rebels!" "We want American wages!" Shearman was escorted to the hotel by the police.

NEW LIQUOR LAWS.

Iowa Will Put Stringent Regulations on Whisky.

Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 9.—A joint committee of the House and Senate is now considering Nicoll's bill proposing what is known as the Gothenberg system of handling the liquor traffic. The bill proposes, first, local option. If it is decided to grant franchises, companies can be formed, composed of at least 25 with a capital not exceeding $20,000, which corporation is to be granted the exclusive right to sell liquors in a city. The regulations of sales is very strict. All profits over 10 per cent, after running expenses are deducted, to go to the state and be divided, 80 per cent. to the town or city and 20 per cent. to the school fund. Where the franchise law is defeated the present law will hold good.

BOB LINCOLN IS MODEST.

He Discusses Politics, but Omits His Own Name.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 9.—In conversation with a reporter ex-Secretary of War Robert T. Lincoln said: "You know, or leastwise I tell you, so you will know, that I am out of politics and that I am attending strictly to private affairs, but I will give you my views on the political outlook. The prospects for the Republican party are brighter than they have been for many years. I do not believe that the Wilson bill will pass the Senate as the bill now stands. It has no features to recommend it to the upper house of Congress."

Mr. Lincoln would say nothing on the Hawaiian question. He believed, however, that Congress would do what was right in the premises. Regarding the probable candidates of the Republican party in 1896, he said: "I think the nomination lies between three men—Thomas B. Reed, of Maine; ex-President Harrison and Governor McKinley, of Ohio."

AGAIN THE STANDARD OIL.

Large Purchases Reported to Have Been Made Recently.

Pittsburg, Feb. 9.—It is reported that the Standard Oil company has purchased large tracts of land in the Standard Oil field for a sum approximating $250,000. The Standard has also purchased valuable leases adjoining this property for a sum aggregating $300,000, making a total of $550,000 spent in the purchase of oil lands on the Sistersville district. The Sistersville field is the most important oil-producing district in this part of the country at the present time. Its output is now between 13,000 and 15,000 barrels of oil a day. The field is situated in Tyler county, West Virginia, and Monroe county, Ohio.

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE FAIR.

Will Take Eight Months to Prepare and Uncle Sam Pays.

New York, Feb. 9.—The commission having charge of the compilation of the proposed history of the World's Fair, held a meeting yesterday in the Fifth Avenue Hotel and discussed the details of the work. The members are: Ex-Senator T. W. Palmer, of Michigan; Prof. O. T. Mowsley, of Minnesota, and John Boyd Thacher, of New York. Benjamin F. Butterworth, of Ohio, was also present. Prof. Tousley will be the historian, and already he has compiled a large number of statistics. It will take eight months to complete the work. Mr. Butterworth will compile the reports of the congresses, and many of the papers, essays, etc., will be published. The government will bear the expense of the publication. The work will be placed at the disposal of members of Congress for distribution.

FIRE IN JACKSON PARK AGAIN.

This Time the Agricultural Building is Burned.

World's Fair Grounds, Feb. 8.—A fire broke out yesterday afternoon in the agricultural building. An alarm for all the fire engines in the World's Fair district was immediately given from the office of Colonel Rice, of the Columbian guards. One hundred square feet of the roof of the agricultural building had fallen in within half an hour after the fire started. The flames were burning fiercely, and despite the efforts of the firemen could not apparently be brought under control. This was quickly disproven, however, and at 5 o'clock the fire was under control. The fire was of an incendiary origin.

Big Find of Gold.

Leadville, Colo., Feb. 8.—In one hour one man took $7,000 worth of gold ore from the new strike at Farnum Hill, about twenty-five miles from here. The gold was displayed at the Carbonate bank here, and was taken out in chunks. The specimens are the finest ever shown in the camp. The largest nugget weighed 78 ounces, and was about seven inches in its longest diameter and one inch in its shortest diameter, being very irregular in shape. It was a beautiful specimen, being composed entirely of crystalized and flake gold. The property is owned by John Campion and others, of Leadville, who control 5,000 acres of almost virgin ground. Over 55,000,000 was originally taken out of one vein in this same ground.

We Can Make Tin Plates.

Elwood, Ind., Feb. 8.—The final papers have been signed that will secure to Sumnitville one of the largest rolling mills and tin plate factories in the world. The concern is backed by a syndicate of Chicago capitalists, and will have a capital stock of $500,000. They hope to be able to have the plant ready for operation by next September. It will furnish employment to more than 500 hands and manufacture 5,000 boxes of plate a week. This will give Madison county four tin plate plants, with an output of 17,000 boxes per week.

HON. G. W. HOUK DEAD.

The Venerable Congressman from Dayton Passes Away.

Washington, Feb. 10.—Hon. George W. Houk, a member of the House of Representatives from the Dayton district and one of the oldest Democratic leaders in the state of Ohio died yesterday afternoon in this city. The end came without a moment's warning. The cause of death was heart disease. His demise occurred at the house of Mrs. Reynolds where he had called.

THE DEAD CONGRESSMAN.

He had attended to his congressional duties during the day and was to all appearances in full vigor of health. The fact of his death was difficult of confirmation. As Mrs. Houk, who was hastily summoned to the side of her stricken husband, had not left word as to where she was going, the nature and extent of what had happened was not known at his residence until last night.

Mr. Houk left his committee room yesterday afternoon, where he was engaged in dictating letters to his stenographer, remarking that he felt tired and could do no more work during the afternoon.

His Career.

The following sketch appears in the congressional directory: George W. Houk, of Dayton, O., was born in Cumberland county, Pa., September 25, 1825. He removed with his father to Ohio in 1827 and settled in Dayton, O., his present home.

After receiving an academic education, he taught school, studied law and was admitted to the bar. He formed a partnership with his preceptor, Hon. Peter P. Lowe, in 1846. In 1852-53 he was elected to the state legislature from Montgomery county and served through his term as chairman of the judiciary committee of the House.

In 1886 he was a delegate to the Charleston-Baltimore convention, and was an ardent supporter of Mr. Douglas for the Presidency. He was also a delegate to the national Democratic convention in 1876. From 1861 to 1882 he was in active law practice in partnership with Hon. John A. McMahon in Dayton. In 1882 he was unanimously nominated for the circuit judgeship of the second circuit, but was defeated, and was in the same year district elector on the Democratic Presidential ticket. In 1886 he was unanimously nominated as the Democratic candidate for Congress for the Third district, but was defeated; was elected to the Fifty-second and re-elected to the Fifty-third Congresses as a Democrat.

FAVORS THE NORWAY PLAN

Of Dealing With the Liquor Question—An Investigation.

Boston, Feb. 9.—The Hon. John Lowell, H. P. Bowditch and John Graham Brooks, commissioners appointed by ex-Governor Russell under an act of the legislature to investigate the Norwegian and Swedish system of liquor selling, made their report to the legislature. It is a document of great length, containing the result of a searching investigation of the two systems. The commissioners say that they report the facts, and the report they file does not contain a list of recommendations, the conclusion being:

"The commission, after its investigation, may be able to express the confident conviction that the evidence for the system, if fairly weighed, abundantly justifies in this commonwealth such experiment under the Norwegian method as might be carried with entire safety under a preliminary bill."

The commission send with their report a draft of a bill providing for forming in towns and cities, favoring the Norwegian system and voting therefor, of corporations for carrying on the liquor traffic. The commissioners say that investigation shows that the fundamental principles have been enforced in the Norway method, and that the result of selling under the system is that sales of alcohol have diminished.

DISAPPEARED WITH $50,000.

Excitement at Watkins, N. Y., Over an Embezzlement.

Watkins, N. Y., Feb. 10.—John W. Love, the president of this village and cashier of the First National bank, has absconded with $50,000 of the funds of the bank.

It has been learned that Love left Watkins some time Thursday night and the amount that he took from the bank's vault is estimated at about $50,000.

For somet ime Love and others of the place have been interested in a city boom at West Manchester, Ind., and it is generally believed that he became involved through speculation there. Love is 35 years of age and has a family.

A. P. A.'S IN KANSAS.

State Convention is Meeting at Kansas City.

Kansas City, Kas., Feb. 9.—The annual convention of the A. P. A., for Kansas, met here, and have elected officers. They voted not to divulge the officers' names, but it is known a man named Stewart, of Topeka, was elected president, and a number of state organizers appointed.

The meeting had under discussion plans for organizing new councils in the state and for getting new members, but just what course will be pursued could not be learned, as a resolution was passed to keep everything out of the public print for the present. Adjournment was not had until long after midnight last night.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug gists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

THE LETTERS BETWEEN WILLIS AND GRESHAM,

Which Were Submitted by President Cleveland to Congress Yesterday Afternoon.

Washington, Feb. 13.—The President late yesterday afternoon transmitted to Congress additional Hawaiian correspondence. The Presidential message is as follows:

"To Congress:

"I transmit herewith two dispatches received a few days ago from our minister at Hawaii and reply to one of them from the secretary of state in which a correct version is given of an interview which occurred November 14, 1893, between the secretary of State and Mr. Thurston, representing the Hawaiian provisional government at Washington. (Signed)

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

The correspondence submitted is as follows:

"Mr. Willis to Mr. Gresham. No. 28, confidential.

Legation of the United States, Honolulu, H. I., Jan. 16, 1894.

"Sir—On last Thursday, January 10, by a vote of 7 to 2, the seventeenth day of January, being the first anniversary of the provisional government was declared a public holiday. On yesterday the representatives of foreign governments received invitations to participate in the observance of the day.

"I replied to President Dole's letter stating that with a due appreciation of his courtesy, and with due respect to him and his government, I was, I regretted to say, unable to accept the invitation extended.

"The programme of the celebration to-morrow includes battalion review and parade of militia, reception at executive building, firing of national salute and mass-meeting at night.

"With due regard I am,

"ALBERT S. WILLIS,
"E. E. and M. P. U. S. A."

Mr. Mills to Mr. Gresham.

Confidential, No. 29.

"Legation of the United States, Honolulu, H. I., Jan. 16, 1894.

"Hon. W. Q. Gresham, Secretary of State.

"Sir:—In a letter from Hon. S. B. Dole, minister of foreign affairs, addressed to me under dates of January 11, the following statement is made:

"On November 14th, Mr. Thurston, Hawaiian minister at Washington, called upon the secretary of State and inquired if the above letter (yours of October 18) was authentic, and was assured by Mr. Gresham that it was.

"Mr. Thurston then said: 'I wish to further ask whether it is the intention of the United States government to carry out its policy heretofore declared by force; or, in other words, whether, if the provisional government declines to accede to the request of the United States government to vacate in favor of the queen, United States troops will be used to enforce the request,' to which Mr. Gresham replied: "I am not at liberty at present to answer that question. It is a matter concerning which I will speak to the President, and talk more fully this afternoon."

"In the afternoon of the same day Mr. Gresham further said to Mr. Thurston: "I have already answered your first question, to the effect that the letter published (Secretary Gresham to the President) was authentic, and a correct statement of the policy of the United States. As to your second question as to whether force is to be used by the United States to restore the queen, all that I am at liberty to state is that Mr. Willis has no instructions to do anything which will cause injury to life or property of any one at the islands. Further than this I am not at liberty to state what are his instructions. You can draw your own inferences from my statement, and allay any apprehension which may have been caused by what has been published.

Information Not Sufficient.

"Mr. Thurston further said to Mr. Gresham: 'Your answer does not convey the information which I requested. What I desire is to obtain information which will guide my government in its future action. If they know that force is to be used by you, their course of action will necessarily be different from what it otherwise would be. The definite information from me that you intend to use force may be the means of preventing you from using force and causing bloodshed.'

"To which Mr. Gresham replied:

"'Our relations in the past have been pleasant, and I want them to continue to be so in the future, and to be perfectly courteous to you, and I cannot at present answer you more fully than I have done.'

"I do not know whether Mr. Thurston made this statement public in the United States at the time, but I do know that the first intimation this committee had on the subject is contained in President Dole's letter of the 18th.

"Glad your statement to Mr. Thurston been made public here at the time (Nov. 14) when it was received, the excitement resulting from the warlike preparations of the provisional government would have been allayed and critical and dangerous conditions avoided.

"With high regard, I am, sir,

"Very respectfully,

"ALBERT S. WILLIS, E. E. & M."

Number 13.

Secretary Gresham's Letter.

Department of State,
Washington, Feb. 7, 1894.

Hon. Albert S. Willis:

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your number 29, of January 26, in which you refer to a letter received from the Hon. President Dole.

"On the forenoon of November 14, Hon. L. A. Thurston, minister of the provisional government of Hawaii, called at the state department for an interview with the secretary of state on the Hawaiian situation. The minister was informed by the secretary that it was about time for a cabinet meeting, and he was under the necessity of requesting the minister to call again at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He replied that he would do so, but before leaving desired to submit two questions to the secretary. First, was the letter addressed by the secretary to the president of the provisional government, printed in the papers a few days ago, authoritative and official.

"Second, if it was, and he presumed it was, was it the president's intention to use force if necessary against the provisional government in restoring the queen?

"The secretary replied that the letter was authentic, but not having time to spend with the minister just then, he could repeat the questions on calling in the afternoon. The minister called at the appointed hour, and the secretary informed him that the letter addressed to the president was authentic, and that no action had or could be taken by our minister, Mr. Willis, which could imperil the lives or property of the officers or supporters of the provisional government, and if they suffered in any way it would be in consequence of their own acts or attitude.

"The interview continued:

"Minister—Mr. Secretary, that answer is not satisfactory, and I would be gratified if you would be more explicit.

"Secretary—I cannot be more explicit at this time. You can draw your own inferences from what I have said, and correct any false impressions that may be credited by what has been published.

"In answer to the question in the underscored language from a slip of paper which lay on my table in plain view before me, I did not say in either interview that I was not at liberty to answer either question.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant, etc., W. Q. GRESHAM."

ELECTED A U. S. SENATOR.

Hon. A. J. McLaurin Formally Chosen at Jackson, Miss.

Jackson, Miss., Feb. 8.—At noon yesterday the two houses of the legislature met in joint session for the purpose of electing a n United States Senator to succeed Senator Walthall.

A. J. McLaurin, the Democratic caucus nominee, received 142 votes; Frank Burkett, Populist, 13; scattering, 4. In a few brief words Mr. McLaurin accepted the trust.

SEVENTEEN MINERS AT PLYMOUTH, PA.

Every Effort is Being Made to Save Them—It is Feared That They Have Already Been Killed.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Feb. 13.—An extensive cave-in occurred at the Gaylord's slope of the Kingston Coal Company, Plymouth, this morning. Seventeen men are entombed. Rescuers are hard at work. There is but little hope of getting the men out alive.

It is now believed all the men were caught in the fall and are dead.

The Gaylord mine or slope has been considered an ill-fated colliery for more than a year past. Only a month ago there was an extensive cave-in of the surface which weakened the roof of the whole mine. So far as can be learned, the accident to-day was caused by a further depression of the surface.

The superintendent of the mine reports that only thirteen men are entombed, but seventeen are missing. The relatives of the entombed men are gathered at the mouth of the slope and their cries of distress would move the stoutest heart. Everything that can be is being done to reach the men.

THE GREAT BLIZZARD.

Something About the Course of the Storm of Monday.

Toledo, Feb. 13.—The storm of yesterday over this section was one of those enormous cyclones, hundreds of miles in diameter, which sometimes sweep in from over the sea, and go roaring across continents, laughing to scorn the puny works of man, and paralyzing his weak efforts. While not so severe as the great New York blizzard of a couple of years ago, it reminds one of that celebrated storm. That cyclone came in off the Atlantic, striking the United States just above Florida, and taking a northerly course. The center of the disturbance was out at sea until the vicinity of New York was reached, and that locality suffered its full fury.

Yesterday's storm came in off the Gulf of Mexico, on the Texas and Louisiana coast, and followed an almost straight northeasterly course. The weather map at 8 a. m. yesterday showed the center about equidistant from the three cities of Nashville, Cairo and Louisville. At 8 o'clock p. m. the center was between Toledo and Sandusky. As far north as the Ohio river it was accompanied by heavy rains; northward of that point, it turned to snow. The area of disturbance covered the country from the Atlantic on the east to Central Kansas and Iowa on the west. It has gone off down the St. Lawrence valley, leaving in its experience behind it which will make the blizzard of February, 1894, an epoch in storm annals in this section of the country, at least.

HIS SWEETHEART DIED.

But She Persuaded Her Father to Remember Him in His Will.

Barington, Kas., Feb. 8.—For years past Adam R. Dixon has eked out a miserable existence by peddling herbs on the streets of Barington. Dixon, who was reared on a farm in Hocking county, O., fell in love with the daughter of a neighbor. His love was reciprocated and they were affianced for the wedding; but about two weeks before it arrived the young woman died. On her deathbed she requested her father to place in the casket a miniature of his will however hers would have appeared and she survived her father.

Dixon knew nothing about this, and married and reared a family. The parents of his early love died, one right after the other, but about 1880 the last of them died, and when the will was brought out it was found to contain the provision asked for by the dying girl. The estate consists of rich coal lands in Hocking county, Ohio. For years the administrators were unable to find Mr. Dixon, but finally located him in Barington. Dixon has left part from his father for 20 or 30 years. When she learned of his good fortune, his wife had of him up and wanted him to return, but Dixon turned his back on her.

ENTHUSIASTIC REPUBLICANS

Give Ex-speakers Grow and Reed a Great Reception.

Philadelphia, Feb. 10.—A mass meeting in the interest of Galusha A. Grow, the Republican candidate for congressman-at-large, was held last night at the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Union League.

Thos. B. Reed was the principal speaker of the evening. Several thousand tickets, more than the capacity of the theater would warrant, had been issued, and as a result there was a scramble for seats that almost amounted to a riot, and the assistance of the entire force of reserve policemen from three precincts was necessary to keep the crowd in check. Fully 5,000 people were refused admittance. Mr. Reed's remarks were directed entirely to the question of protection and a criticism of the present administration.

Accident in a Storm.

Fremont, O., Feb. 12.—In a blinding snow storm, the worst ever experienced in this vicinity, freight train No. 40 and light freight No. 5, on the Wheeling & Lake Erie railway, collided about 10:45 o'clock two miles west of Bellevue, in Sandusky county, and about twelve miles east of Fremont.

Both trains were running at full speed, and the collision was tremendous, the engines being smashed into a great mass of iron, and now resemble a mass of scrap iron, out of which little resemblance to locomotives can be discovered.

The freight cars were broken and smashed into splinters, and piled up in the greatest confusion. Both engineers, one fireman and one brakeman were killed.

Niagara's Ice Bridge.

Niagara Falls, Feb. 13.—The rarity of an ice bridge forming on two successive winters in the Niagara Gorge, below the falls, was witnessed yesterday. The high winds of the last few days broke up the ice in the lake and sent it down the river. It began tumbling over the falls yesterday at an enormous rate, and at 8 o'clock last night the gorge was jammed so that a bridge formed at the foot of Prospect park. The bridge is composed mainly of slush ice and is very solid.

FOREIGN.

ANOTHER BOMB OUTRAGE COMMITTED AT PARIS.

Fifty People Were Injured, and Many of Them Will Die—The Murderer is Under Arrest.

Paris, Feb. 13.—Vaillant has an avenger. The anarchists wish to punish the government for his execution. Another bomb outrage was perpetrated last night. It occurred in a cafe beneath the Terminus Hotel, which is directly opposite the St. Lazare railroad station. The deed was the act of Leon Breton, a young waiter, who acted probably from motives of revenge. It was done about 9 o'clock in the evening.

The place was full of people at the time, a band was playing and those present were enjoying the contentment which follows the consumption of a good dinner. All this was changed in a second.

A man who had dined in the cafe was seen to raise his arm and throw something into the middle of the room. A terrific explosion followed, and the occupants of the room were paralyzed with terror. No one dared to move for some moments, fearing a repetition of the explosion, but as none came their courage returned.

Then they investigated into the damage done, and they found that the explosion had done dreadful work. The cafe was filled with smoke and lying on the floor were numbers of persons wounded and bleeding. The bomb had landed upon a table, around which a party had been sitting, and this article of furniture had been reduced to splinters. The persons grouped at the table suffered the most.

In the meantime, the man responsible for this cowardly act had not been allowed to escape. As soon as he had thrown the bomb, he ran out of the place and darted away. The alarm was given by persons outside who had heard the noise of the explosion, and chase was at once given to the fleeting figure. A number of policemen joined in the chase. The fugitive drew a revolver when he saw his pursuers were getting too close and turned and fired several shots, killing a workman and wounding a number of persons.

One of the men struck was a policeman, and his wound is considered fatal. The man was captured when 150 yards from the cafe. He proved to be an under-sized, pale-faced and beardless man of 20 years. His name is Leon Breton. He had been employed in the cafe as a waiter, but had been discharged for misconduct.

The inquiry before the commissary showed that the bomb was constructed in the form of a sardine box and contained a chlorate powder and pieces of lead of the size of cherries. Breton admitted to the police that he was an anarchist.

Breton told the doctor who dressed the wound which he received from the policeman's sabre, that his main object was to avenge Vaillant.

His hatred toward the proprietor of the cafe was but a minor reason. He said that there are others who will follow his example, the objects of his associates being to destroy the bourgaise society. Breton speaks English and French fluently. He declined to reveal his identity, but is probably a native of the Island of Jersey where the name Breton is common.

Breton later was subjected to an examination by Minister of the Interior Raynal, Minister of Justice Dubost, Chief of Detectives Goron and others. He denied that he was the author of the crime, adding insolently: "I am an anarchist. The sooner the bourgoise burst up the better, but I know nothing. I did not enter the cafe. You can suppose that I arrived here from Pekin or Marseilles, as you please."

VON BULOW DEAD.

The Famous Pianist Expires at Cairo.

Cairo, Feb. 13.—Hans Von Bulow, the distinguished German pianist, is dead.

Van Bulow was born January 8, 1830, at Dresden. He studied under Richard Wagner and Liszt, and was in 1850 musical chief of the theaters of Saint Gall and Zurich.

In 1854 Van Bulow settled in Berlin,

HANS VON BULOW.

and was named in 1858 pianist of the prince royal. In 1864, at the invitation of Wagner, Von Bulow went to Munich, where he became, in 1867, director of the new royal school for music and master of the chapel of the court.

He first visited the United States in 1875, and afterwards became chapel master at Hanover, later at Meiningen, and lastly at Berlin, where his severe criticisms of the administration of the opera caused his appointment to be revoked, and even led to his expulsion from the building. The dead pianist married a daughter of Lisszt.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER PEIXOTO.

Which Ended in the Execution of the Conspirators.

Buenos Ayres, Feb. 9.—Most sensational news has been received here from Rio de Janeiro, and it is believed to have at least some foundation.

According to dispatches received here, the decision of Peixoto to issue a decree calling for an election as well as for an election for members of congress, on March 1, was only reached after the president had been badly frightened by the discovery of a plot to murder him.

So soon as the plot against the life of President Peixoto was discovered, the police were instructed to arrest the ringleaders, which was promptly done. The trial of the conspirators is said to have followed closely upon their arrest, and there being, in the opinion of the court martial, no doubt that they were guilty, they were sentenced to death.

The next morning, according to the dispatches received here, the persons convicted of having plotted to take the life of President Peixoto, were taken to an unfrequented spot outside the line of fortifications, and were shot, while kneeling at the foot of the fresh-dug graves, which were prepared to receive the bodies. After the fatal volley, the bodies of the conspirators were hastily placed in the graves by the soldiers composing the firing squad, the earth was shoveled upon them, and the soldiers were cautioned not to say a word about the affair, under the threat of being shot if they did so.

The discovery of the plot against President Peixoto's life, the arrest of the conspirators, the court martial and secret execution all seem to have been kept from the general public; but their effect upon President Peixoto is said to have been so great that he signed the decree calling for the election of March 1.

METHODISTS IN ROME.

They Will Put Up a Building for a Book Concern.

Philadelphia, Feb. 9.—The missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church in America has purchased a lot in Rome, on which it is proposed to erect a large and handsome building, to be the headquarters of the mission in Italy. The lot is but three minutes' walk from and in plain sight of the royal palace. It is directly opposite the war department, on the Via Venti Settembre. In an appeal to the Methodists of the United States for funds with which to build the new mission house the secretary of the society says:

"We need in Rome a large building, which shall be a center and source of supply for the Italian mission—a headquarters for our publishing, educational, and evangelistic interests. Here is the place to build it. The lot is 95 feet wide and 155 feet deep. There will be room in it for a chapel that will seat 600 people; there will be room for our printing presses and a bookstore and for a boys' school. Hundreds of the youth of Italy will be placed under our direct care whenever we can furnish suitable accommodations for them. The son of Garibaldi has already notified the Rev. William Burt, our superintendent, of his purpose to send his sons to our school."

WILL SEND REINFORCEMENTS

From Senegal to Timbuctoo to Succor the French Troops.

Paris, Feb. 10.—The Dix Neuvieme Steele says that the Cabinet will probably send reinforcements from Senegal to Timbuctoo, where Capt. Philipe, with a small French force, is holding the city against the Touaregs.

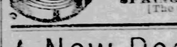
The paper adds that it is likely that the Fourth Soudanese battalion was sent to the aid of the beleaguered French troops, and that Col. Archinard, commander of the French in the Soudan, will be in command of the reinforcements.

ROUND ABOUT EUROPE.

A dispatch from Odessa says that the exportation of grain from Odessa, Nicolaieff, and other Black Sea ports to Marseilles, has virtually ceased on account of the French duties.

In the House of Lords the Earl of Kimberley, lord president of the council and secretary of state for India, denied that there was any intention on the part of the government of India to impose an import duty on cotton goods.

Advices from Sierra Leone say that the French have annexed the town of Half Cavally, adjoining the Liberian frontier, and that this action has incensed the Liberian authorities, who claim to have obtained ownership of the place by conquest months ago.



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A New Book for Blade Subscribers

"THE NASBY LETTERS"

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and contains over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile," but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before, this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has a permanent subscription list far in excess of 100,000 copies. We estimate that there 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar, including payment of postage. The cost of setting it in type, making the stereotype plates, and otherwise getting it ready for the press, is quite a large amount, and we estimate that within one year from this notice the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in cash, fully $100,000.

Few people can realize the magnitude of this task; and owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail the books to our subscribers, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription, who sends us ONE DOLLAR, will have

WASHINGTON.

CARLISLE IS NOT FRIENDLY

To Bland's Silver Seigniorage Coinage Bill.

Washington, Feb. 10.--Secretary Carlisle's exact views and policy on financial questions, including silver seigniorage, bonds and finance in general, are set forth and amplified in an important document which reached the House committee on judiciary today. The estimates of the secret hearing show that concerning the coinage of silver seigniorage Representative Oates asked: "I want you to say if there is any objection to the proposition about coining the seigniorage and issuing certificates against that."

Secretary Carlisle—"Well, the effect of that would be that the secretary of the treasury would issue silver certificates calling for dollars. I suppose when there were no dollars behind them, and if they came in for redemption, as they might, the secretary of the Treasury would be compelled, I suppose, to use gold or whatever else he had to redeem them."

Would Take Two Years.

Mr. Boatner—"Could you not coin the silver and use that?"

Secretary Carlisle—"Yes, in about two years; it would take about that time."

Mr. W. A. Stone, of Pennsylvania—"Have you not got enough silver to redeem it?"

Secretary Carlisle—"No, sir; certificates are outstanding against what we have, except about five or six million."

Mr. Stone—"What would be the objection to issuing certificates on account of the seigniorage?"

Secretary Carlisle—"I was going to state that if we should issue certificates with nothing behind them but bullion, I think they would be greatly discredited in the public mind."

Mr. Stone—"And in order to keep up the credit you would have to redeem them in gold?"

Secretary Carlisle—"They would have to be redeemed in something."

Mr. Stone—"If you redeemed it in silver it would be discredited, and you would have to redeem it in gold?"

Must Redeem It in Gold.

Secretary Carlisle—"They would call for silver dollars, and there are no silver dollars to redeem them."

In answer to a question as to how fast the coinage of the seigniorage could be passed Mr. Carlisle said: "If all of other coinage was suspended at mints I estimate that we could about four million silver dollars per month or $48,000,000 a year."

The bond question was treated very elaborately by Mr. Carlisle. His purpose as to using the proceeds of the sale of bonds is sharply set forth in the following colloquy:

Mr. Boatner—Would you consider it improper to give your opinion as to the duty of the secretary of the Treasury.

Secretary Carlisle—I will give it very plainly. I believe it is my duty to pay pensions and all other public obligations, and unless Congress stops me, I shall do so. While I stay there, I shall endeavor to maintain the credit of the government by paying its obligations.

Mr. Boatner—Out of the proceeds of the bonds which you now propose to sell?

Secretary Carlisle—I would not use the proceeds of bonds if it were possible to avoid it, but I would not let the obligations of the government go to protest and fail to pay the appropriations made be Congress for legitimate purposes and for carrying out expenses of the government as long as there is a dollar in the Treasury.

Mr. Carlisle further stated his reluctance in resorting to bonds. As to the kind of a bond Mr. Carlisle thinks Congress should authorize there was the following:

Mr. Boatner—The plan that you suggest to remedy this trouble would be for the secretary to issue bonds for a specific purpose; is that the point?

Secretary Carlisle—I think a short time bond should be authorized bearing a low rate of interest, to be issued in small denominations which I think would be taken largely by the people who have money in saving banks and the secretary could sell them or use the proceeds in the payments of expenditures, and redeem them out of the further revenues. That was my recommendation on the subject, simply because I saw it was impossible for Congress to provide by taxation any revenue which could be collected in time for this fiscal year.

LOCHREN FILES HIS ANSWER

To Show Why He Should Reduce Judge Long's Pension.

Washington, Feb. 10.—Commissioner of Pensions Lochren has just filed his answer to the bill of complaint of Judge Charles D. Long, of Michigan, which asked for an injunction to restrain the commissioner from reducing his pension from $72 to $50 a month.

It is averred that the issue of the certificate signed by Commissioner Tanner was illegal, irregular and a nullity and that upon its issuance the prior one, dated May 6, 1889, was surrendered. Thus, it is alleged, the complaint now holds no legal certificate and is not lawfully entitled to any pension until restoration and acceptance by him of the last previous legal certificate issued to him, "Which this defendant is always ready and willing to allow upon surrender of the illegal certificate which was issued without any new evidence or proof whatever, and upon a mere hearing of the evidence."

WHAT MEAT THEY EAT.

Interesting Statement by Commercial Agent James H. Smith.

Washington, Feb. 10.—James H. Smith, commercial agent at Mayence, has sent to the state department the following interesting statement of the meat diet of the lower classes of Saxony.

"With regard to the diet of the poorer classes of Saxony, it is noteworthy that according to official publications now at hand, 4,277 horses were slaughtered in Saxony last year, that is 352 more than in 1891. Of dogs, according to official statement, there were 422 butchered. Thereby, however, is apparently meant only the number of those killed in slaughter houses, for the number of dogs actually slaughtered must be considerably larger, when there is such a comparatively large consumption of dog flesh by the poorer classes of the people.

Even cat flesh is not disdained by many persons, and badgers, foxes, sparrows and crows are eaten.

HATCH'S ANTI-OPTION BILL

Is Now Before the Ways and Means Committee.

Washington, Feb. 9.—Congressman Hatch's anti-option bill reached the ways and means committee yesterday and was referred to the sub-committee on internal revenue, consisting of Mr. McMillin, Mr. Montgomery, Bynum, Hopkins and Payne.

Mr. Hatch will move at the earliest opportunity that the bill be referred to the committee on agriculture. He would have made the move yesterday had not the seignorage bill had the right of way. He says he has assurances which show three-fourths of the members favorable to allowing the agricultural committee to deal with the anti-option question.

The agricultural committee would speedily report in favor of the bill, but there is doubt as to a favorable report from the ways and means committee.

TO INSPECT IMMIGRANTS ABROAD.

Representative Stone's Bill Approved by the Committee.

Washington, Feb. 7.—The plan of inspecting immigrants at foreign ports before their embarkation for this country has been approved by the House committee on Judiciary.

The plant, as presented in a bill introduced by Representative W. A. Stone, of Pennsylvania, provides that no alien immigrant shall be admitted to this country until he presents a certificate from the United States consul at the point of embarkation, stating that a full inspection of the immigrant had been made, and he is entitled to admission under the laws. The bill further imposes on United States consuls the added duty of inspection of immigrants.

LOSS OF THE KEARSARGE.

All the Crew Saved—On Her Way to Nicaragua.

Washington, Feb. 8.—The old United States steamship Kearsarge is a wreck on Roncador Reef. She struck there February 2. Lieutenant Brainard managed in some way to reach Colon to-day, and a cable message from him this morning announced to the Navy Department the fact that the Kearsarge was wrecked and that officers and crew were all saved.

The Kearsarge sailed from Port Au Prince, Hayti, on January 30, for Bluefields, Nicaragua, to protect American interests there in view of the invasion of the military forces of Honduras. She was wrecked three days out.

Immediately upon receipt of the news of the wreck the Navy Department sent a cable dispatch to Lieutenant Brainard at Colon, ordering him to charter a steamer and proceed at once to the relief of the shipwrecked crew.

A Dangerous Place.

The Roncador Reef is well known to mariners in those waters as a dangerous impediment to navigation. Efforts have been recently made to secure the erection of a lighthouse on this point. Some time ago when Warner Miller and officers of the Nicaragua Canal Company were on their way to Nicaragua they were wrecked on this same point.

Admiral Stanton was on the Kearsarge. When the New York and Detroit was dispatched to Rio, it was made the flagship of the North Atlantic squadron, and Admiral Stanton, after the secretary of the navy had acted on his report of the salute of Mello in Rio Harbor, was ordered to proceed to Port Au Prince and transfer his flag to the Kearsarge and assume command of the station.

The officers aboard the Kearsarge were Rear Admiral Oscar F. Stanton, Commanding Officer F. Heyerman, Lieutenants Charles T. Morse, Chas. H. Lyman, Burns T. Wailing; lieutenants (junior grade), John Hood and Frederick R. Brainard; ensigns, Herbert G. Gates and Thomas P. Magruder; naval cadets (line division), Leon S. Thompson, Thomas L. Stitt, Thomas S. Borden, Benjamin B. McCormick, Walter Ball and David A. Mallon; past assistant surgeon, Geo. B. Lumsden; assistant surgeon, Merritt W. Barnum; paymaster, James A. Wing, chief engineer, Burdette C. Gowing; first lieutenant of marines, Clarence L. A. Ingalc. The crew was composed of 200 sailors and marines. She left the Brooklyn navy yard on December 31.

WHY SHE WAS IN COMMISSION.

Affection Felt for the Kearsarge and the Hartford.

Washington, Feb. 9.—Naval authorities in Congress do not construe the wreck of the Kearsarge as any reflection on the naval policy of the government in keeping old ships in commission. Representative Amos J. Cummings, of New York, chairman of the House committee on naval affairs, says: "Both the Kearsarge and Hartford were kept in service as a matter of sentiment. The public would not listen to their being condemned and broken up. They were kept on duty just as Great Britain keeps the old ship Victory of Nelson. At the present time the naval committee has an estimate aggregating $400,000 for improving and modernizing the old Hartford. Of this $150,000 is for new batteries, $150,000 more for new machinery and $100,000 for repairs to the hull. It would practically amount to making the old ship over again and there would be no justification for the patchwork if it were not for the popular sentiment for preserving Farragut's old flagship."

Mr. Cummings pointed out how tenderly the general law making appropriations for the navy dealt with the Kearsarge and Hartford. The law specifies that no repairs shall be made to wooden vessels if the repairs exceed 10 per cent of a new ship of the same size, but there is this provision:

That nothing herein contained shall deprive the secretary of the Navy of authority to cause the necessary repairs and preservation of the U. S. S. Hartford and Kearsarge. The same exception is made by law as to the machinery of the Kearsarge and Hartford. They are, therefore, the only vessels in the navy which can be repaired and furnished with new machinery without reference to their age or condition. They are pets and pensioners of the naval circles and are not sustained through any desire of economy.

WHO BOUGHT THE BONDS?

Secretary Carlisle Sends a Statement to the Senate.

Washington, Feb. 9.—In accordance with the request of the Senate, made on February 2, at the instance of Senator Peffer, the secretary of the Treasury yesterday sent to the Senate a statement showing the names of bond subscribers offering $117,223 whose subscriptions were accepted, together with the amount subscribed for and the amount allotted at the price. The statement also gives a list of those offering to purchase at a higher price, and a list of those not considered, for various reasons.

Among the allotments on the 117,223 bids are the following: Hanover National bank, New York, $1,420,050; Kuhn, Loeb & Co., New York, $1,420,050; United States Trust company, New York, $2,366,700; Farmers' Loan and Trust company, New York, $1,893,400; Union Trust company, New York, $2,366,700; New York Life Insurance company, New York, $2,840,050.

The above allotments were the result of the scaling of the original bids to the extent of 5.331 per cent. The amount in the aggregate of this class is $40,704,700.

All the bids at figures over 117.223 amount, in the aggregate, to $69,295,300.

REPUBLICAN SILVER SENATORS

Will All Consistently Oppose the Passage of the Wilson Bill.

Washington, Feb. 8.—The possible attitude of the silver Republicans with reference to the tariff bill has been the theme of considerable talk about the Senate since the Wilson bill reached that body. Inquiry develops the fact that they will, without exception, oppose the bill. This they will do now for two reasons. They are all protectionists in principle, and some of them think that if the tariff could be allowed to remain as at present it would be in the interest of silver. They argue that if the tariff is changed and the hard times continue, many will be disposed to find in this change the cause of depression, whereas, if the tariff is allowed to remain as it is and the times do not improve, it will at once become apparent that the tariff has caused the dullness of trade, and people may be led to believe that it was due to the scarcity of money.

Presidential Pardons.

Washington, Feb. 9.—The President has acted on the following applications for pardons: S. E. Kennedy, convicted of falsifying records of Omaha National bank, sentence commuted to two years and six months; S. C. Suedaker, Utah, polygamy, granted; John C. Osteler, Utah, polyamy, granted; S. F. Longborough, violation of postal laws, granted; Richard Ratcliffe, Arkansas, perjury, sentence commuted to one year's imprisonment.

Chest Pains

Short breath, palpitation, weak and sore lungs, pleurisy, coughs, colds, asthma and bronchitis relieved in ONE MINUTE by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the first and only instantaneous pain-killing plaster. For weak, painful kidneys, back ache, uterine pains and weakness, it is simply wonderful. It *vitalizes* the nervous forces, and hence cures nervous pains and muscular weakness when all others fail.

Price: 25c: five, $1.00. At all druggists or by mail. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

DURING hard times consumers cannot afford to experiment with inferior, cheap brands of baking powder. It is **NOW** that the great strength and purity of the **ROYAL** stand out as a friend in need to those who desire to practise Economy in the Kitchen. Each spoonful does its perfect work. Its increasing sale bears witness that it is a necessity to the prudent—it goes further.

N. B. Grocers say that every dollar invested in **Royal Baking Powder** is worth a dollar the world over, that it does not consume their capital in dead stock, because it is the great favorite, and sells through all times and seasons.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, Feb. 7.—The Hawaiian debate was concluded yesterday, but the entire resolution was not passed because of the failure of the Democrats to secure a quorum when a vote was taken upon it. Much less opposition from the Democratic side developed than was at one time anticipated, only one speech, that of Gen. Sickles, of New York, being made in opposition to the adoption of the resolution, although there was some passive opposition on the Democratic side, as indicated by the refusal of several Democrats to answer to their names when the resolution was placed upon its passage.

The Hitt substitute, the Blair amendment and the motion made by Mr. Reed to re-commit the resolution was in turn voted down. When the vote came to be taken on the main question, however, the adoption of the entire resolution, the Republicans refrained from voting, and the Democrats lacked 17 of a quorum. Mr. Cummings, of New York, voted for Mr. Reed's motion to re-commit the resolution, and Mr. Sickles against the McCreary resolution. Mr. Cummings of New York, Mr. Geary of California, and Mr. Cockrell of Texas, refused to go on record as for or against the adoption of the resolution. These were all the indications shown yesterday of a break in party lines on the Hawaiian matter. The Populists voted generally with the Republicans. Mr. Broderick, of Kansas, was the only Republican who declined to follow the lead of his party and refrain from voting. He voted against the resolution.

The Senate did not come to a vote on the federal election bill yesterday as was anticipated. Several Senators who had not hitherto spoken desired an opportunity to be heard on it, consequently, by unanimous consent the time of general debate was extended until 3 o'clock to-day. The chief event of the day was the speech by Senator Frye, of Maine, defending the official course and character of Chief Supervisor Davenport, of New York city, and refuting the alleged slanders and calumny which he said had been heaped upon him by the Democratic party for thirty years. Speeches were also made by Senators Harris, Daniel, Turple and Perkins.

Washington, Feb. 8.—The federal elections bill passed the Senate late yesterday afternoon by a vote of 39 to 28. The division was on party lines, the Populists, including Senator Stewart of Nevada, voting for the bill. In the House, after a good deal of filibustering and a half a dozen roll calls, the Morrow Hawaiian resolution passed the House by a vote of 177 to 75. Mr. Cummings and General Sickles of New York, voted with the Republicans against the resolution.

Washington, Feb. 9.—The Bland bill for the coinage of the seigniorage was taken up by the House of Representatives yesterday afternoon at the conclusion of a period of filibustering by its opponents. The right of the secretary of the Treasury to issue United States bonds at this time was again the subject of controversy in the Senate yesterday. The resolution of Senator Stewart, now under consideration, and a motion made by Senator Butler, of South Carolina, to refer it to the committee on judiciary proved the opposition. No action was taken.

Washington, Feb. 10.—The entire day in the House yesterday was consumed in debate on the Bland silver seigniorage bill, the speakers being Messrs. Bland, C. W. Stone, McKeighan, Harter and Kilgore.

Washington, Feb. 11.—When the House was called to order and after the invocation, Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio, announced the death of Congressman George W. Houk, of the Third Ohio district. The Speaker appointed Messrs. Hare, Bryan, Springer, Ritchie, Ellis, McKaig, Layton and Hulick a committee to attend his funeral. An adjournment was then taken out of respect to his memory.

Washington, Feb. 12.—When the House was called to order Saturday, after invocation by the chaplain, Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio, announced to the House the death of Representative George W. Houk, of the Third Ohio district. After appointing a committee to attend his funeral, consisting of Representatives Springer, Bryan, McKaig, Ellis, Hare, Hulick, Ritchie and Layton, the House adjourned out of respect to his memory.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The Hawaiian debate occupied the time of the Senate during the entire day yesterday. In the House the only business of importance was the passage of the urgent deficiency bill.

FOR UNION VETERANS.

A Bill Now Pending in the House That Will Interest Them.

Washington, Feb. 13.—According to a Milwaukee dispatch the veterans in the branch of the National Home for Disabled Volunter Soldiers which is there situated are indignant over certain provisions of the sundry civil appropriation bill which is now pending in the House of Representatives, and which, it is asserted, will curtail the authority of the board of managers and deprive it of the right to make rules for the government of the home, to audit the accounts of receipts and expenditures, etc. On the day that the sundry civil bill was reported to the House, Chairman Sayers of the Appropriations committee, called the attention of a correspondent to the provisions in question, and remarked that they were unanimously approved by the sub-committee which framed the bill, and also by the full committee.

General Cogswell, of Massachusetts, who was a gallant and distinguished Union soldier, and is one of the most considerate, faithful and active friends that the veterans of the union have in Congress, was a member of the sub-committee. Among the other members of the full committee who served in the union army, are Col. David B. Henderson, who lost both legs, and was compelled to submit to a painful surgical operation upon the stump of his leg, a part of which was shot away on February 16, 1865; Col. Henry H. Bingham, of Pennsylvania, who was thrice wounded in action while serving in the army of the Potomac, and was brevetted brigadier general for gallant and distinguished services, and Col. W. W. Grout, of Vermont, who served in the 15th Vermont Volunteers during the war.

It is difficult to believe that these three distinguished veterans of the Union, together with Gen. Cogswell, have agreed or would consent to any legislation that would be detrimental to the interests and welfare of any survivor of the war, whether he be disabled and an inmate of the National Home or not.

THIRTY THOUSAND WOOL MEN

Present a Petition Against the Wilson Bill to the Senate.

Washington, Feb. 12.—A magnificent floral decoration adorned the desk of Senator Berry, of Arkansas, this morning, and was the tribute of the people of Enid and Round Pond, Oklahoma, for the gallant fight which the Senator is making to procure the passage of a bill compelling the Rock Island to stop its trains at these towns in the new territory.

A petition signed by 30,000 wool growers of the United States, owning 4,000,000, or one-seventh of all the sheep in the United States, protesting against the free wool clause of the tariff bill, was presented by Senator Cullom, of Illinois.

Among the petitioners were the Navajo tribes, who own 1,500,000 sheep, and are prospering by this industry. Senator Cullom said he hoped the committee on Finance would give this petition due consideration, as it was of an extraordinary character, and represented an extensive industry.

THE WISCONSIN JUDGE MUST ANSWER TO CONGRESS,

And Tell Why He Granted His Celebrated Injunction—Action by the House Committee on Judiciary.

Washington, Feb. 13.—The House committee on judiciary to-day voted in favor of reporting to the House a resolution for an investigation into the course of District Judge Jenkins in restraining employes of the Northern Pacific railroad from quitting work. The vote was seven to six. Senator Villas, of Wisconsin, appeared before the committe and urged that the question was of such importance that it should not be voted upon until counsel had been heard.

In accordance with this suggestion a motion was made to postpone the vote until next Monday and in the meantime hear counsel. This was voted down by seven to six and the resolution was then agreed on to be reported at once. Had the proposition to hear counsel prevailed, Col. Robert Ingersoll would probably have appeared for the labor interests and several prominent lawyers for the other side.

The resolution reported is a substitute for the one introducted by Representative McGann, but differs little from that originally presented. It authorizes the judiciary committee to proceed on the investigation into Judge Jenkins's course.

Representative Boatner will present the resolution to the House to-morrow. It was thought best by the sub-committee to present a substitute for the McGann resolution, because that resolution in its preamble seemed to them to assume that Judge Jenkins's action had been wrongful. The committee did not want to take sides in advance of the investigation. The members of the sub-committee were agreed that an investigation would be desirable.

LONG AND SHORT HAUL CLAUSE.

Second Comptroller Mansur Must Construe It.

Washington, Feb. 8.—An early decision is expected from Second Comptroller Mansur on the question now before him concerning the application of the long and short haul clause of the inter-state commerce act, to government freight shipped on the transcontinental railroads. The specific cases now before the comptroller involve shipments for the army between interior parts of the United States, for which a greater proportional charge was made than on similar shipments to the Pacific coast, the difference, as alleged by the companies, being on account of the water competition, which is favorable to coast roads.

The railroad companies involved in the present cases are the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroads, and being government-aided railroads, the accounts for freight shipments come before the second comptroller before they are allowed by the Treasury department.

The comptroller has heard several arguments on the question by the attorneys of the roads interested, who have held that the long and short haul clauses of the act were as applicable to the government as to individuals, subject only to the limitations that the rates must be fair and reasonable.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE TREASURY.

Revenue Receipts are Rapidly Increasing.

Washington, Feb. 13.—The receipts from internal revenue for the first 10 days of the present month aggregated $5,079,211 as against $4,514,804 during the corresponding period last year, a gain of $564,407. This tremendous increase is regarded by the Treasury officials as a sure sign of returning business activity.

The significance of it will be understood when it is known that since the beginning of the present fiscal year the receipts from internal revenues had constantly declined month by month until the aggregate for the half year were fully $12,000,000 less than for the corresponding period in 1893.

WILL SUBMIT THEIR SCHEDULES

To Other Railroads Not Represented at the Conference.

Washington, Feb. 13.—The conference of railroad men and the inter-state commerce commission to consider the general question of a form of schedule of rates and charges to be issued by railroads, adjourned today for thirty days.

There was a thorough exchange of views between the railroad men and the commission and the representatives of the freight departments of the roads represented and agreed to submit the question of forms and schedules to roads not represented at the conference and to have another meeting in Washington in 30 days.

WILL BE READY TUESDAY,

Say the Democratic Members of the Finance Committee.

Washington, Feb. 13.—The Democratic members of the committee on finance now tell the Republican members that the tariff bill will certainly be in shape for presentation to the full committee at the regular meeting next Tuesday.

It had been hoped that the report could be made to-day but when it was found that it could not be, the chairman of the finance committee decided to call no meeting for to-day.

PECKHAM'S NAME WILL COME UP

Senate Committee on Judiciary Decides on This Point.

Washington, Feb. 12.—The Senate committee on Judiciary to-day decided to report the Peckham nomination to the Senate without recommendation. Senator Hoar was absent and the committee divided evenly in its vote. Senators George, Vilas, Lindsay, Platt and Mitchell voting for confirmation and Senators Pugh, Coke, Hill, Teller and Wilson against.

THE REPUBLICAN LEAGUE CONVENTION AT COLUMBUS.

Governor McKinley is Cheered to the Echo and His Administration Endorsed.

Columbus, Feb. 13.—Gov. William McKinley was endorsed as nearly as the Ohio Republican league can endorse any one, in the resolutions adopted this afternoon in the convention. The session of the league was enthusiastic throughout and practically unanimous. D. D. Woodmansee, of Cincinnati, was chosen president without a struggle, and James M. Ashley, jr., will, at this hour of writing, be elected delegate-at-large to the National League convention at Denver, Colo., in May next. This morning's session was perfunctory, and only committees were named. John R. Hankey was named as member of the committee on credentials from the Ninth district.

At 2:30 the regular business of the convention began, and President Locke gave a stirring address. The secretary and treasurer reported:

Secretary McElroy read his report, whih in substance is as follows: In the campaign of 1892 a large number of clubs became almost extinct on account of the apathy then existing in the Republican masses. In 1893 the fires of enthusiasm were rekindled among the clubs, organizers were sent out to visit the various clubs and have them act in conjunction with the executive committees of the Republican party.

The results obtained were gratifying to the league as well as to the party machinery. Less than $1,000 was used in defraying all the expenses, including traveling expenses, headquarters, stationary and postage. There are today more than 400 clubs on the roster of the Ohio Republican league. There is a greater work to be done than merely campaign work. The work should be constant during the year. The interim between campaigns is the time for effective work. At such times the Republican press should be widely diffused. The effect of club work should be to educate the people and the platform of these clubs should be broad enough for all Republicans to stand on.

There was a great outpouring of the young Republican element, and the boys were enthusiastic. There was a great cheer when the resolution "recognizing in Gov. McKinley, not only foremost in Ohio, but in the nation," was read. Governor McKinley was sent for by a committee, and escorted to the hall, where he made a brief speech. The banquet to-night promises to be one of the most pleasant of those always pleasant affairs.

Gen. Gibson, looking bright and happy, and just as young as he did twenty years ago, called in early to see the boys, and says he is ready to talk. Gen. Horatio King is here, and the programme will be fully carried out.

LOUISIANA LOTTERY AGAIN.

The State of Florida Can't Protect Itself Against the National Honduras Lottery Company.

Port Tampa, Fla., Feb. 9.—A decided sensation here and all over Florida has been caused by the exposure of the operations at this point of the National Honduras Lottery Company, which is said to be only another name for the old Louisiana State Lottery, of New Orleans, without any attempt at a reorganization of the company. The question may become an issue in the next state campaign, resulting in the formation of new party lines.

The announcement that the lottery had been moved to an island off the coast of Spanish Honduras was given the widest kind of publicity last December, when the Louisiana charter expired. A bill was then prepared by the company's attorneys and passed by the Florida legislature with very little difficulty.

The new act raises the penalty for operating lotteries, but the only other material change from the old law is the frequent insertion of the words "in this state." The significance of these amendments is that it is at least an open question whether the lottery can now be legally conducted in this state in the way in which the business at Port Tampa is being operated.

Any lottery company organized in Florida is subject to the severe penalties of this amended law, but a company organized outside that state may run its lottery free from interference.

The law was hardly signed by Governor Mitchell in May last when an agent of the lottery company purchased land and erected and fitted up buildings.

The inconvenience of sending the money to New Orleans will soon be remedied by the establishment of a bank in Port Tampa city, in which checks can be deposited and from which payment of prizes will be made. In brief, the whole business of the old Louisiana Lottery company has been transferred to Port Tampa city, and is now being conducted in the old manner here, with the exception of the one act of drawing the prizes, which is done in Honduras, or may be done on the high seas.

It is even alleged here that the Postoffice department at Washington is aiding the lottery in every way to carry on their business. I asked one of the railway postal clerks who travels from Jacksonville to Tampa, yesterday, if this was so. His reply was:

"All I know is this—that nearly two months ago an order was issued by the superintendent of the mails instructing Port Tampa clerks to throw off at Port Tampa city all mail matter addressed to "Paul Conrad, Honduras, via Port Tampa, Fla.," and and this order has been obeyed ever since. I deliver all such mail to the postoffice here just as if it were addressed to Port Tampa instead of to a foreign country."

Professor Wilson is Ill.

Chicago, Feb. 9.—Chairman Wilson, of the Ways and Means committee, is seriously ill at the Palmer house with a throat affection. He arrived in Chicago to-day with his wife, and a physician was summoned. The doctor says that Mr. Wilson's illness is not necessarily dangerous in character.

WILL THE WILSON BILL PASS THE SENATE?

A Discussion of Its Chances—What the Effect on the Country Will be if It Goes Through—Its Repeal.

Columbus, Feb. 10.—Governor McKinley is looking better than for months past, and enjoying life as only a man can do who is in perfect physical condition. He is watching closely the proceedings in Congress. And in conversation yesterday afternoon he expressed his fear that the Wilson bill will be forced through the Senate and thus become a law.

"I have been hoping for the sake of the workingmen of the United States that the opposition in the Senate may be enough to prevent the passage of the Wilson bill," said he. "I have been assured by Southern gentlemen who have called on me that Senator Morgan, of Alabama, will not support it. Senator Hill, of New York, and his colleague, Senator Murphy, have also been counted among its opponents, and I have felt that it is possible the measure may be defeated. Still the chances are against any such happy result."

"Would not the bill be amended in some particulars, and then be pushed through eventually, Governor?"

"If it were defeated now in the Senate, I do not think any tariff bill could go through at this session. Then, before the meeting of Congress next December, the congressional elections will occur; and the people will then administer so crushing a rebuke to the bill and its promoters that it would be impossible to get the measure through at the short session."

"What would be the result of a failure of the present Congress to pass a tariff bill?"

"It would lead at once to a revival of business, and a restoration of prosperity such as we had in 1892. With a Republican House, no legislation inimical to our industries could be put through, of course. To legislate on partisan lines, requires control of the House, the Senate and the presidency by the same party. With any one of three in the hands of the opposite party, no party measure can be enacted."

The conversation then turned on the effect upon the country if the Wilson bill shall pass. Of course, if this occurs, the measure can not be repealed, and a properly protective law substituted, until both branches of Congress as well as the presidency, come into Republican hands. The next House, which will be elected in November, will be Republican; the presidency can not be changed until March 4, 1897, and probably the Senate will then be safely Republican. After these statements by way of premise, Governor McKinley was asked:

"The business of the country is adapting itself to a free trade basis. A general reduction of wages is going on everywhere, and the resumption of manufacturing has begun, though in a limited way. Should the Wilson bill pass, with at least three years to elapse before protective legislation can be a possibility, will not things have so adapted themselves to the new regime that a change will be opposed by the productive interests of the country?"

"By no means," returned the Governor, earnestly. "The mills that resume are doing so with fewer men; those which are in operation have a much smaller force employed than a year or so ago. With the competition of foreign producers that must come as a result of this bill, production will be only to fill orders, and to meet a necessarily limited demand. With a less volume of production, even though the wages of employes are lowered, there will be a curtailment of profits, and the manufacturers, as a rule, will be eager for a return to conditions that will increase the demand for their products. The workingmen will be equally anxious for the restoration of the policy which will enable a return to the American scale of wages. I believe the whole country will be with us in our efforts to overthrow the Wilson bill if it becomes a law."

Governor McKinley goes on next Thursday to Pittsburg, where he will speak, with Mr. Grow, at a monster mass meeting in favor of the latter's election as congressman-at-large from Pennsylvania. It promises to be a notable affair, and will certainly be an ovation to McKinley.

MUST PAY FIVE HUNDRED.

Editor Bidwell, of the A. P. A. Organ at Ft. Wayne.

Fort Wayne, Feb. 7.—In the Circuit court this morning, Judge Edward O'Rourke overruled the demurrer to the complaint of the plaintiff in the case brought by Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, bishop of this Catholic diocese, against William P. Bidwell, the proprietor of the American Eagle, for criminal libel, and entered a judgment of $500 against the defendant. The American Eagle is an A. P. A. paper, and the case had been brought for libelous words published in it concerning the Catholic orphan asylum in this city. The defendant excepted to the ruling, and will appeal to the Supreme court. The Catholic authorities will begin two other new cases for criminal libel against Bidwell tomorrow.

M'DONALD GOES TO JAIL.

Late Inspector of Workshops and Factories of Ohio.

Columbus, Feb. 8.—W. Z. McDonald, late inspector of workshops and factories, was this morning surrendered to the officers by his bondsmen, and is now in jail, with little hope of being released. Mr. McDonald was secretary of the Capital City Metal works, and at an election of officers yesterday he was supplanted by Hon. Elam Fisher, of Preble county. Two of McDonald's sureties are stockholders in this company, one of them being Mayor Karb, and it is intimated that in that company McDonald is short in his accounts, and that this is the reason his bondsmen have surrendered him. Mayor Karb, however, denies that McDonald's accounts are wrong.

TO PROHIBIT FOOT BALL.

Representative Buckley's Bill in the Massachusetts House.

Boston, Feb. 8.—Representative D. A. Buckley, of Cambridge, yesterday introduced in the legislature a petition for legislation prohibiting the game of foot ball.

A bill accompanying the petition provides punishment for any person "who takes part in a game of foot ball when such a game is played in the presence of persons who have paid an admission fee to witness the same, or who promotes the playing of a game of foot ball when money is charged for admission, or who offers or sells a ticket of admission to a game."

COLT PATENT FIRE ARMS CO.

Their Plant Burned to the Ground at Hartford, Conn.

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 12.—Fire broke out in the Colt patent fire arms company's shops yesterday afternoon, and in two hours destroyed about $450,000 worth of property. The burned building is a stone and brick structure 50x509 feet, and three stories high, with an immense attic. It was the connecting portion between the east and west armories, and was mainly used as a store house by the Colt company. The origin of the fire is uncertain.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

There is still a flow of money into the New York banks from interior points, though in diminished volume. The Saturday bank statement showed a decrease of $30,297,300 in their holdings, which is of course due to the amounts paid for the purchase of the new government bond issue. The bond purchases had no effect whatever on the money market, as the idle surplus in the New York banks still amounts to $85,633,700. Furthermore, it is well understood that a goodly share of the $59,000,000 paid for the bonds will rapidly find it way back into the banks, as the government does not borrow money to lock up in its vaults, but to disburse, and the Treasury is already paying off postponed and overdue liabilities. Money on call in New York closed Saturday at 1 per cent, while time money showed no material increase in activity. There has been a fair volume of money offered, and as to collateral, the scrutiny has not been severe, good ordinary stock exchange collateral, with a moderate inter-mixture of dividend payers, meeting all requirements. The demand did not improve to any extent. Rates, 2 per cent for thirty to sixty days, 2 1-2 per cent for ninety days to four months, 3 1-2 for five to six months.

The stock market for the past week showed but little change, and no increase in activity. Almost the only stocks to show any activity whatever were the industrial shares. It is the feeling in New York that the completion of the government loan will produce a more settled feeling in stocks.

The exports of gold from New York for the week, as officially reported at the custom house, were $706,810, nearly all to Havana; of silver $882,665, to London. Since January 1: Gold $2,364,358, silver $5,036,634, against $18,064,272 gold and $3,525,937 silver for the same period in 1893. Imports of gold were $109,925, chiefly in transit from Havre; of silver, $2,000, from the West Indies; since January 1: Gold, $701,925; silver, $118,994 against $123,896 gold, and $410,683 silver, for the same time last year.

The feature of the week in the world's financial situation was the sharp decline in silver values. The London market was completely disorganized by the acceptance on the part of the India council of tenders for exchange at as low a rate as 1s. 1 13-16d per rupee. Rupee paper in London touched 57 1-8, with similar tumbles in Mexican, Peruvian and other securities of silver-employing states, the level reached by the entire group of values being the lowest on record. There was no apparent buying to meet the decline, the tone of the market being weak throughout. The closing price Saturday in New York for silver bullion was 64 1-2 cents per ounce.

GENERAL TRADE CONDITIONS DO NOT IMPROVE MUCH.

The Drop in Wheat—Dullness of Export and Import Trade—Wool Market Goes Down.

New York, Feb. 10.—Bradstreet's review of trade says: Unfavorable features in general merchandise lines are conspicuous in reaction in the raw wool market following the spurt given sales of that staple, particularly at Boston, in preceding two weeks, when the quantity sold exceeded 7,000,000 pounds, and in the appearance of unseasonable weather South and West, which was a source of strength. Near the close the tone of the market was easier. The export clearances were light—74,573 bushels of wheat and 25,758 barrels of flour, or wheat and flour as wheat, 190,484 bushels. The receipts in the Northwest were 128,920 bushels, with 307 cars on track for two days. The fact that there has been much talk about interior supplies in the Northwest likely soon to run low does not seem to play much of a part toward strengthening prices. Foreigners are seemingly purchasing supplies just as they need them, believing that there is an ample reserve in the United States and elsewhere from which to draw. The exports must increase to insure better prices for wheat. A factor that is against better prices now is the outlook for a fine crop of wheat in this as well as other countries. Damage to the growing crop would at once put wheat on a higher basis. If the supplies yet to be drawn from farmers' hands are as small as some dealers believe, there will be a surprise in store for the bears. But with the hard fact of underestimated crops hereafter, caution should be exercised by bulls until decrease in receipts place it beyond question, the supplies to come forward are not large.

Corn Dull—A Little Higher.

As compared with yesterday corn is up about 1c to 2c; market moved in a line with wheat. At Chicago February corn opened at 34c asked, rose to 34½c nominal and closed at 34½c; May corn opened at 34½c, then 34¾c nominal. At New York May corn opened at 42¾c and sold up to 42¾c. Visible supply of grain in the United States and Canada on dates named:

	Feb. 8.	Feb. 1.
Wheat	79,460,000	79,883,000
Corn	17,000,000	15,352,000
Oats	3,625,000	4,068,000

Toledo Produce Market.

There was but little done on the market this morning. Gardeners could not get to market on account of the snow. Prices are about the same as on yesterday.

Butter—Dairy, 20c; creamery 24@25c; fair quality, 18c.

Eggs—Feb. 14@15c.

Vegetables—Parsnips, bu. 40c; onions, bu. 50c; beans, bu. $1.50; carrots, bu. 40c; potatoes, bu. 55@60c; sweet potatoes, bbl. $3.75; turnips, 35c.

Poultry—Turkeys, dressed, 9½@9c; chickens, dressed, 8c.

Dressed meats—Beef, lb. 5@7½c; veal, lb. 8c; mutton, lb., 5c; hogs, per 100 lbs, $6.25 to $6.50.

Hides—Cured, heavy steers, lb. 4c; light hides, 3½c; green heavy steers, 3½c; light hides, 3½c; tallow, 4@4c per lb, beeswax, 26@28c.